MAY DAY !

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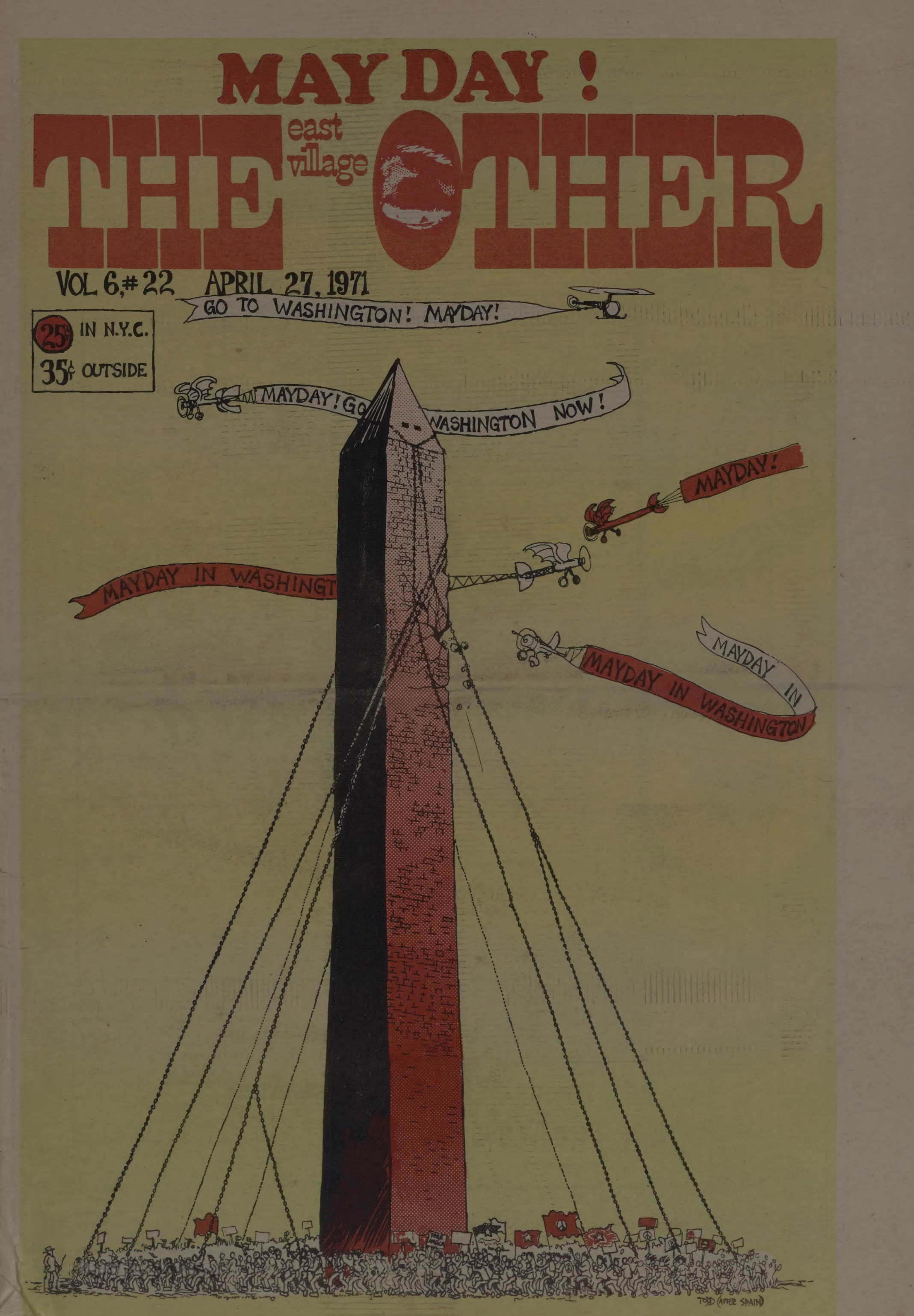

Subscriptions: HEIDI

Hi Rap.

I know that whatever goes down in Washington should be the epic for today. It sort of became a habit to sing about giving peace a chance--and maybe get into a bit of ass-kicking--and the same goes for simulated 'search and destroy' action theatre, and whatever the occasion may call for. All fine and good, but there is something on my mind that has to be dealt with.

I am talking about the crucifixion of Al Goldstein.

I am not prepared to defend nor attack Al's thing, but it pisses me to see every cheap two-bit political hack ensure his dubious survival with Al's hide. It enrages me to see these no-good cretinsous creeps get their way with the dirtiest and most shopworn of political gimmicks--THE INDICTMENT. It makes me want to puke whenever every goddamm news show insists on parading a handcuffed Al Goldstein in front of my bleary eyes. It makes me want to cry whenever I think about the poor naive slob they have chosen to be their victim.

Of all people, Al Goldstein!!

Here is a guy who hasn't as yet been able to shake off the bullshit they rammed into him in grade school; a poor masochist who still tenaciously beleives in justice, no matter how big a fucking he over he gets in the name of it.

Radicalize the Al Goldsteins of your generation! Remember, after everything is all over in DC, to let him know where you stand. Fuck the hypocricy that makes us permit them to annihilate the Al Goldsteins of our time--they are the patsies of us all.

There is no reason why they should be.

EL RAB TAKES A TURN FOR THE NURSE

(SEE PAGE FOURTEEN)

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MAYDAY – actions to take place all over the country, primarily in Washington, D.C., the aim of which is, briefly, "raising the social cost of the war to a level unacceptable to America's rulers."

This does not mean going up to the politicians with petitions of paper asking them to please stop their nastiness. This does not mean speeches in front of the Lincoln Memorial where thousands of the *already-convinced nod their heads in* self-righteous agreement at the booming polemic. This does not mean yet another anarchist picnic on the White House lawn with the cherry blossoms as a kodak-backdrop for our rage.

Nor does Mayday mean riots, random trashing, GI baiting, adventurous skirmishes, or glorious revolutionary sacrifice of bodies.

It means we go to Washington on Mayday to "Stop the war, or Stop the Government." How this is to be done has been clarified in a special manual by the nationwide Mayday Collective, a group which evolved from the Ann Arbor Student and Youth Conference on a People's Peace from whence the call for the Mayday action was first issued. Excerpts from this instructive manual follow:

New York Mayday Collective, call 691-9450.

Mayday, Washington HQ, call 202-347-7613.

THE MAYDAY SCENARIO

Saturday, April 24:
Algonquin Peace City Opens

The first national implementation of the peace treaty is planned in Rock Creek Park, and Indian woodlawn area of 1,754 acres about 4 miles long and one mile wide in Washington, D.C. Algonquin Indians were the first inhabitants of this ancient mountain range. In Late April, we'll settle again, along the drier ridges with the pignut and mockernut, hickory, white ash, black cherry, the yellow poplar and beech, being careful and loving of nature. Regions and constituent groups can set up living communities or villages in one of the 70 odd picnic groves where there are tables, benches, sanitary *facilities and usually a fireplace. People* should bring their own tents, blankets, flashlights, transistor radio, rice and other foods, along with a coo To cut down *on confusion and ecological injury to our* peace city, cars should not be driven into Rock Creek Park. Some people may want to park on the edge of Washington and walk into the city. Others may want to drive into the downtown Washington area and take busses to their villages. Bus transportation between the Washington Monument Grounds and Algonquin Peace City will be provided at 11:00 A.M. and 6:00 P.M. every day by Mayday Motors. Detailed maps showing the village of every region in Algonquin Peace City will be available from information centers on the Monument Grounds. Any large group wanting to be listed on the map should cal Mike Maslow (202) 347-7613.

It is in the interest of the government to provide us this park, for training in non-violence and to keep us out of the streets at night. Should police clear the park at any time during the two weeks, however,it will be necessary that we know the various exits from our area of encampment. There are 15 miles of trails *through Algonquin Peace City. Maps will* be provided.

Algonquin Peace City is opening early in order to provide housing areas for the *thousands of people staying after the* demonstrations of April 24. Many of these people, as well as early Mayday arrivals will participate in the P.C.P.J. People's Lobby. Others will act as construction battalions to prepare the park for the massive May I influx of people. Maps will be available from the Mayday Washington office giving the location of regional campsites.

If bloodroot, fawnlily, toothwort and spring beauty bloom doesn't turn you on, Mayday has secured housing for twenty-two thousand people in churches, universities and private homes.

SATURDAY MAY 1:
CELEBRATION OF THE
PEOPLE'S PEACE

Most Mayday participants will arrive *on May Ist. People will be coming in by* chartered bus, car caravans, and long walks. The morning will be devoted to the May Ist arrivals setting up camp in their regional area villages and getting to know the land. In the early afternoon the celebration will begin. The Mayday Collective is currently assembling a list of well-known rock groups that will play.

The Celebration, with rock bands and dancing, singing and smoking in the fields will last late into the night. Bring along bamboo flutes, drums, guitars and tambourines, and the woods will be filled with people's music.

Sometime during the day of May Ist the SCLC Mule Train and hundreds of people who marched with them from Wall Street to Washington will arrive in Algonquin Peace City. They'll set up camp and join us in th Celebration of *the People's Peace.*

SUNDAY, MAY 2

We'll sleep late. In the late morning, *the population will follow the SCLC mule* train out of the park to the Sylvan Theatre near the Washington Monument grounds. We will march down Rock Cree *Parkway.*

At the Sylvan Theatre we'll join SCLC. National Welfare Rights Organization and the United Farmworkers Organizing Committee in a rally calling for an end to the war against American Poor People. This will be the last opportunityfor Nixon to announce an end to the war before we fulfill our promise: If the government won't stop the war, we'll stop the government.

In the evening we march back to Algonquin Peace City for food, cultural activities and turning in early for a good sleep.

MONDAY & TUESDAY
MAY 3 and 4, at 6 A.M.:
NONVIOLENT CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

The population of Algonquin Peace *City will disperse in regional groups to* their target areas for Nonviolent Civil Disobedience. PCPL joins us along with religous forces such as Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam, SCLC, NWRO, and pacifist organizations such as the War Resistor's League, and the American Friends Service Committee.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5-7:

All across the country, on May 5, people respond to the call for "No Business as Usual" in a massive people's strike against the War. At Algonquin Peace City the people not arrested on Monday and Tuesday take camping gear and food and move camp to the *Capitol* Building where we lay a nonviolent seige demanding tha congress ratify the People's Peace Treaty.

We will be joined by masses of people from the PCPJ, SCLC, NWRO, AFSC, WRL, CALCAV, Women's Strike for Peace, and other groups. We'll stay at our *siege encampment* until the treaty is ratified or all are arrested.

The decision of the Ann Arbo Student & Youth Conference on Peoples Peace was that the organizatior for Mayday be decentralized with organizational forms being decided on a regional basis. Because os this thentire Tactics and Logistics section of the Mayday Collective in Washington is oriented toward providing information, support and coordination only. There are no movement "generals" sitting in closed rooms making decisions binding on any participant.

MAYDAY NONVIOLENT CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE
THE TACTICAL OVERVIEW

Twenty-one targets have been selecteo for the Mayday nonviolent civil disobedience. The targets are broken into two general categories: (I) Traffic circles and (2) bridges. These targets if blocked *during the early morning rush hour will* seal off the Federal Triangle area of Washington and the Pentagon. All of the targets selected deal directly with the *Federal Government and blocking these* targets will have a minimum impact on the surrounding black community. These tactics were specifically chosen to minimize disruption of the black community.

Our tactical approach to stopping the government is decentralization and concentration. By this we mean that the targets are decentralized and our demonstrators are concentrated. No target will have less than a thousand demonstrators and no major target will have less than three thousand demonstrators. Our targets are decentralized to a) insure the total halt of *traffic and b) to increase the difficulty of* Federal forces primary defensive tactic which is dispersal (dividing us into small units) and containment (isolating the *small units).*

The central tactic of the defensive forces will be psychological warfare. There will be a maximum display of military hardward; agent provocatuers will seek to spread panic and exacerbate normal tensions in Algonquin Peace City (Rock Creek Park) in order to break our *morale. There will be extensive use of* helicopters to attempt to intimidate us and rumors will be spread that a helicopter equipped with gas spraying devices (M5 disperser) are about to attack Algonquin Peace City and/or target areas.

In essence, our response is to maintain communicationss, prevent panic, and not allow ourselves to be chased out of town. We cannot prevent infiltration so efforts at keeping information "secret" will only serve to confuse participants. It is important that we consistently project that Mayday is a nonviolent action. Any fuzzing of this point will lend legitimacy to the rumors spread by provocatuers and cause people to stay away from Washington. *The worst thing that can* happen is a small, politically isolated action.

We need to work actively with GI's *prior and during the action. At this time* we can't expect a mutiny but we can expect the overwhelming majority of GI's to be sympathetic. A few GI's will be outright hostile, but we should recognize that they will be isolated.

We need to educate all participants to the fact that attacks on GI's will reinforce the propaganda they're being fed by the brass and turn friends into enemies; thus increasing the probability that some of us might get hurt.

Our own logical preparation should be oriented towards individual self-contained units. People should bring wire cutters for fences, squeeze bottles of water for gas, bamboo flutes, tamborines for people's music, balloons and flowers for joy, dope and food to share with the GI's and fellow demonstrators. And a transistor radio so we are all informed of what is

(Continued on Page 18) ◄

FASCIST FOLLIES

33 WEEK

BY JACKIE FRIEDRICH

Tues. April 20

Before defense attorney Sandy Katz, began his summation, a stipulation was read to the jury concerning defendant Richard Moore, a/k/a Dharuba, being in Algiers. Judge John Murtagh then told the jury that out of the 30 count indictment, he was submitting only 18 counts for their deliberation because he felt that the number of counts when added to the number of defendants required a selectivity on the part of the court so as not to place too heavy a burden on the jury. Murtagh made it quite clear, however, that the remaining 18 counts were representative of the prosecution's entire case — so nothing, in effect, had been changed.

Sandy Katz then began his summation by saying that although he represented only two of the defendants, Joan Bird and Shaba Om, a/k/a Lee Roper, much of what he had to say would concern all of the defendants. Sandy reminded the jury that the burden of proof lies with the prosecution and that the defendants are cloaked with a presumption of innocence and need do or say nothing in their own behalf. This burden of proof never shifts until that point in deliberation when a juror feels that the prosecution has proven *beyond a reasonable doubt*, not by association, but, Sandy said, this indictment has tried to prove these defendants guilty because of their membership in the B.P.P.

Sandy then proceeded to outline the nature of the thirty count indictment by saying that prosecutions often submit such a long indictment with many defendants with the theory that the jury will succomb to the impulse of convicting somebody for something — or where there's smoke, there's fire.

Sandy concentrated on the three counts of conspiracy, saying that the district attorney could not possibly hope to establish that the 22 defendants committed any one of the substantive crimes they are charged with or even prove that they aided or abetted in the commission of these crimes, so the conspiracy charges, which have often been called "the prosecutor's darling," were brought in, allowing the D.A. to offer evidence and testimony otherwise inadmissable before the jury "subject to connection," and denying the defendants their right to be judged based on personal responsibility.

The indictment states that 22 defendants were conspiring to murder police officers by placing bombs in various precincts and to commit acts of arson against symbols of the "power structure" such as Macy's and the Bronx Botanical Gardens. The alleged conspiracy was to have taken place between August 1, 1968 and April 2, 1969. Sandy proceeded to look at the testimony of the various agents for any proof of such a conspiracy, going month by month.

Detective Gene Roberts, who was the only agent with prior infiltrating experience did not report one act or one word said on the part of these defendants concerning any of the charges in this indictment except for the possession of one gun by one person from Aug. 1 to Dec. 30, 1968.

Although several of the agents had reported that these defendants did not speak kindly of police officers, Sandy reminded the jury that the police had no special affection for the BPP. Sandy cited, as an example, the testimony of Det. Coffey, who was on the team to arrest defendant Michael Tabor. Coffey had testified that he felt it was his duty to see that the BPP was eliminated. Sandy went on to say that it was obvious, since the Bureau of Special Services had seen fit to infiltrate the BPP at its inception in New York, that the police were intent to destory and murder this polticial party, adding that we can only surmise *which* political party will be next. Sandy then asked, who is more to be feared, the BPP or BOSS, who have sent infiltrators to report on nearly every group that seeks a change in society?

Sandy urged the jury to see the rhetoric for what it was — as there had been no evidence or testimony that any of the statements allegedly made were translated into an action or an agreement to assassinate a police officer.

Det. Ralph White testified that on Aug. 20, 1968 defendant Lamumba Shakur had said that a T.C.B. squad would be formed to harrass the police by putting bombs on the steps of precincts and in garbage cans near the precincts. Under cross examination White said that that had been a particularly wild meeting, with a lot of talk flowing and that no plan or agreement do do any of those acts had been forthcoming. In fact, Det. White did not know *who* was in the T.C.B. squad or even if such a squad was ever formed.

Patrolman Ashwood, who had been present at that same meeting, said that he recalled no talk of bombs on steps of precincts or in garbage cans.

Sandy reviewed the testimony of agents Roberts and Ashwood from July through October of 1968, pointing out that they reported only on meetings, rallies and physical drills — certainly nothing relating to the charges in the indictment. Det. White testified in direct examination that on October 15, he and co-defendant Donald Weems, a/k/a Kuwesi Balagoon, went to a hardware store where *Weems* purchased materials for a class on the making of a time bomb. However, under cross examination Det. White admitted that *he* had bought much of those materials. It was *White* who selected the location for that class, which was held in *his* offive at the Elsmere Tenants Council. Weems allegedly told Det. White who he wanted to "invite" to that class. Sandy pointed out that to "invite" someone to a demolition class which has been listed in two counts of this indictment as an overt act in furtherance of a conspiracy to assassinate police officers, borders on the absurd. Joan Bird came to that class with a college friend and at no time was there any discussion of possible targets for that time bomb or when it might be used.

Det. White also said that he never went to another such class and never knew of another having taken place. He also said that at *no* time did he ever see a time bomb in the BPP.

When Det. White was asked to identify these defendants in court, he mistook Joan Bird for Rosemary Bird who is another person entirely. He never saw Joan with a gun or explosive substance and never heard her discuss any bombings or killings of police officers.

Det. Roberts mentioned Joan Board only once and that concerned her presence at a section meeting. Patrolman Ashwood said that he never saw Joan with a gun or an explosive and he was unable to attribute to her any act, word or deed that bears any relation to any of the charges in this indictment.

As to Shaba Om, there was no testimony that he was even a member of the BPP from August to Dec. of 1968.

Sandy said that the D.A. did not have the gall to charge these defendants with the bombing of the 25th precinct on Nov. 12, 1968, so he charged all 22 with conspiracy to kill police by bombing the 25th precinct because of snatches of conversations allegedly overheard by Det. White. Sandy pointed out how those alleged conversations had changed from White's Grand Jury testimony to his testimony in this court. (i.e. before the Grand Jury White mentioned nothing about hearing "pigs" or "126th Street" after the bombing, but in this court White said that he heard one of the co-defendants include both in some statement about something having gone down.) And 16 days after the bombing, Det. White said that he looked in defendants Lamumba Shakur's desk at the Elsmere Tenants Council, finding four clippings concerning the bombing of the 25th precinct. Sandy pointed out that the D.A. was asking the jury to believe that the possession of a newspaper clipping connected Lamumba Shakur to that bombing, and that anyone associated with Lamumba was similarly connected to that bombing. Sandy added that because people discuss or express approval on an incident which has received newspaper coverage, does not mean they took part in that incident.

Referring to the alleged conversations between 22 defendants from Aug. 1 1968 to April 2, 1969, which, when reported by the three infiltrators have made up the prosecution's case, Sandy said that to take out one word, or to add one word, or to change the syntax or tense would make for an entirely different conversation. (i.e. Det. Roberts in direct testimony had said that they were to have guerilla warfare training. Under Cross examination he admitted he had omitted the word "simulated"). Sandy pointed out that these infiltrators had an "emotional axe to grind" which determined the snips of conversations they reported on. He said that he had not declared war against the police department but that when you permit a police agency to get involved in a political area you are well on the way to having a police state. And that we should feel a sense of outrage that the BPP was not only infiltrated, but that three of the infiltrators were *founding members* of the New York chapter.

Det. White had the gall, Sandy said, to sit up there on that stand and tell us he was involved in community liason work before infiltrating the BPP when what he was actually doing was reporting on people who attended or spoke at meetings or rallies in the black community. It was the same Ralph White who let the Elsmere Tenant's Council fold when he and BOSS felt it was standing in the way of his becoming further involved in Panther activities.

By the close of the day Sandy had gone through the testimony of the three agents as far as Dec. 30, 1968 and pointed out that nothing had been done or said to establish proof of a conspiracy to commit murder or arson from Aug. 1 to Dec. Wed. April 21

Sandy Katz continued his summation by concentrating first on the so-called Easter plot, which alleges that these defendants conspired to place bombs at the 42nd Precinct, at several department stores, at sites along the New Haven Railroad, and under switches in the New York subway system.

Det. Gene Roberts was the only agent to testify as to this Easter plot so Sandy went through that witness' testimony at length, pointing out the absurdity of finding a conspiracy in any of the evidence on record in this case.

Sandy started with the so-called subway plot. In his direct testimony Det. Roberts said that defendant William King, a/k/a Kwando Kinshasa, told him to go to the Worth Street subway station, where he would be given a tour of

(Continued on Page 20)

(Aus „Good Times", San Francisco)

THE WAR COMES HOME

WE ARE RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A HEROIN EPIDEMIC

This lethal powder—the "white death"—has spread to all levels of American society, with the syringe becoming as much a part of suburbia as the Saturday afternoon barbecue. There are half a million addicts walking the streets right now. They will spend $15 million today feeding their habit. They'll get more than half this money from crimes they'll commit in the big cities. One of every four of these addicts is a teenager, and for the 18-35 age group, heroin overdoses have become a major cause of death.

This is terrifying. But it isn't news. Every time you turn on the TV or pick up the newspaper you hear about heroin. Senators rise regularly to read grim statistics into the Congressional Record. President Nixon himself has spoken somberly about the way heroin is stalking our streets with "pandemic virulence."

But all this talk isn't going to change things. Neither is sending Henry Kissinger to Turkey to see what can be done about the Middle East opium field. And the President probably knows it. The heroin problem is going to get worse, with more young people becoming addicted and dying, until the U.S. gets out of Southeast Asia. Heroin and the War are connected with a horrible symbiosis.

In its May issue, Ramparts magazine tells the shocking story of the New Opium War:

- how clandestine CIA involvement in the parapolitics of Southeast Asia has allowed this area to produce 80% of the world's opium, replacing the Middle East as the major source of heroin.
- how a U.S.-sponsored network of anti-communists—Meo tribesmen in Laos, nationalist Chinese guerrillas and Burmese border police—participate in the opium harvest, in its processing into heroin and transportation to checkpoints throughout Indochina and finally to the U.S.
- how the major figures in South Vietnam's government—from Diem and Madame Nhu in the past to Nguyen Cao Ky today—have profited from the heroin traffic with tacit American support.
- how Saigon has become a major stop along this new heroin route, with up to 20% of some American GI platoons coming home addicts and at least one soldier a day dying from overdoses.

"The New Opium War" is another example of how the war comes home, wrapped in lies and distortions and bringing chaos with it. It is also another page in Ramparts coverage of the ever-deepening U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. We began in 1966 (before opposition to the war was fashionable) with the expose of the joint efforts of Michigan State University and the CIA to set up the Diem regime. We will continue until the killing is over.

If you want to know more about it, read our May issue, on sale now. Or better yet, take an introductory subscription: 10 issues for $4.75 (regular price $7), which we will begin with our current issue containing the opium story. Let us throw in, free, a copy of "2, 3, Many Vietnams", by the editors of Ramparts (Canfield Press, $3.95). That makes the deal worth about $12, but it's yours for $4.75, saving you over 60%.

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POLICE RAID STANFORD FOR EVIDENCE

PALO ALTO, Calif. [LNS] — Six policemen with warrants invaded the offices of the Stanford Daily student newspaper April 13 to search for photographs or notes to aid in the prosecution of demonstrators who had taken part in a sit-in at Stanfrod University Hospital.

Twenty-two persons were arrested and about 50 were injured when police broke up the sit-in in early April.

Police who raided the newspaper office didn't come up with anything that would bolster their cases. Managing editor Mary Corff explained that the newspaper has had a policy since last spring of removing from the office or destroying any material likely to be used in criminal prosecution.

U.S. DROPS JUNGLE CLEARING BOMBS ON GUERRILLAS IN FIGHT FOR VIET CENTRAL HIGHLANDS

LIBERATION News Service

Picture this. Of all the non-nuclear weapons in the U.S. arsenal, there is nothing quite as big as the 15,000-pound bombs used to clear Vietnam's thick jungle canopy to create helicopter landing zones.

They slide out the back of four-engine C-130 cargo planes and float to earth by parachute. Shortly before they would arrive, they explode with such force that their shock wave alone can kill people a mile away. When it's all over, a gigantic mushroom-shaped cloud swells in the sky, and at least one more square mile of Vietnam is smouldering, lifeless wasteland.

Now that's one thing when you're clearing landing zones for helicopters. But the U.S. Command in Vietnam doesn't want to land helicopters in the middle of a jungle full of guerillas, so they've decided to experiment around. In the middle of April, they began dropping 15,000-pounders on Central Highlands guerrillas — and Central Highlands trees, fields, peasants and children. Seven-and-a-half ton bombs aren't highly selective. According to their own figures, the previous record for weight of anti-personnel weapons was a mere 3,000 pounds.

TAX CUT POWER TO THE CORPORATION PEOPLE

WASHINGTON [LNS] — Supporters of a Nixon administration plan to cut business taxes by about $3 billion a year are striking back at its critics. People opposing the plan have suggested such alternative uses for the $3 billion as expanding the school lunch program and creating jobs for the unemployed.

The Tax Council, a business organization that backs the plan, charges that critics are trying "to set off corporations or business against individuals."

The Council points out with triumphant logic, "Those who attack corporations seem to forget that corporations are run by people, are owned by people, exist only to serve people and thus in reality are people."

NEW LOW-DOWN ON THE FBI

NEW YORK [LNS] — While the FBI plans to close some of its offices and J. Edgar Hoover fumes, the Citizens Commission to Investigate the FBI continues to send out copies of the 1 000 files they ripped off from the Media, Pa. FBI office several weeks ago.

Two more packets of FBI files have arrived at the LNS office. One contained documents with the names of informants; the other, documents of various investigations and internal communiques.

The Citizen's Commission sent a letter dated March 30 to the informers. It told them that their names were going to be made public in about a week and suggested that they talk with the people who they had been giving information about. The letter stated, "We regret that this action was necessary but these are troubled times, and the struggle for freedom and justice in this society can never succeed if people continue to betray their brothers and sisters."

The following is a list of informers taken from the FBI documents: Marjorie Webb, Secretary to the registrar, Judy G. Feiy, Cheif Switchboard Operator Mr. Herny Peirsol, Security officer, all from Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.; Mr. Charles Grier Postmaster, U.S. Post Office, Swarthmore, Pa.; Robert Bunker Assistant Chief Rutgers Campus Patrol, Rutgers College; Donald K. Cheek, Dean of Student Affairs, Lincoln University, Chester County, Pa.; Mr. Daniel McGronigle, Cashier, Southeast National Bank, 4th and Market St., Chester Pa.; Mr. Allan Ferguson, Executive Officer Computer Center Southeast National Bank, 24th and Edgmont Ave., Chester Pa.; Mrs. Haxel Galagher Assistant Manager Chester Credit Bureau, Inc. Chester, Pa.; Brother Patrick, Villanova Monastery, Villanova Pa.; and a woman informant who lives at 3114 W. Euclid, Philadelphia, Pa.

The other packet of FBI documents included orders about investigations of Black Student groups and getting "racial informants," investigations of various radical groups and individuals, and internal communications.

A number of the files contained orders directing agents to get "racial informants" in the ghettos. "The Bureau suggests that employees may have friends, realtives or acquaintances who can be of help in gathering racial intelligence . . . Other sources which should be kept in mind are employees and owners of businesses in ghetto areas . . . The Bureau also suggests contacts with persons who frequent ghetto areas on a regular basis such as taxi drivers salesmen and distributors of newspapers, food and beverages . . . " Every agent is required to obtain at least one racial informant.

Another document lists activities which agents should have their informants cover. They include such things as:

1) "Attend and report on open meetings of known or suspected black extremist organizations"; with a list of common meeting places;
2) "Determine if efforts are being made by black extremists to take over such criminal activities as narcotics traffic and the operation of numbers rackets."
3) "Visit Afro-American type bookstores for the purpose of determining if militant extremist literature is available therein, and, if so, to identify the owners, operators, and clientele of such stores."

There was also a list of 12 people who are to be brought to the attention of informants as being active in the "Negro militant movement."

Also, in a document dated 12/2/70 agents were told to conduct investigations of 13 black student organizations in Pennsylvania. Investigations were also being made of Denise E. Bruskin, the Philadelphia Labor Committe, a Women's Liberation meeting and the Bernheim Commune in Philadelphia.

In another document dated 3/2/71 Brother Patrick from the Villanova Monastery, Villanova, Pa., was reported to have said that he might have information about the Capitol bombing. "The brother stated that a Monastery car had been signed out for the entire weekend, prior to the bombing to . . . who is a sympathizer with the Berrigan's in their recent court trial."

In an internal memorandum different squads are designated to handle "old left and New Left" matters, plans for a New Left Events Calendar are announced and more information about informers is given. "Again on the subject of informants, there have been a few instances where security informants in the New Left got carried away during demonstrations, assaulted police, etc. The key word in informants, according to Bureau supervision, is 'control.' They define this to mean that while our informants should be privy to everything going on and should rise to the maximum level of their ability in the New Left Movement, they should not become the person who carries the gun, throws the bomb, does the robbery or by some specific violative, overt act becomes a deeply involved participant. This is a judgment area and any action which seems to border on it should be discussed."

Meanwhile, FBI efforts to track down their stolen papers and the people who took them seemed to be proceeding slowly. The Xerox Corporation announced that it had turned down an FBI request for sample sheets from every machine they rent out of the model on which the documents have been duplicated. Xerox did supply the FBI with a list of all the instituions which rent the machine.

So if you know any Xerox machines, you can expect a visit — maybe from a credit agency? or a cashier? or a monk?

LIBERATION ON TO ★★★★★ WASHINGTON ✪

SAIGON'S RELOCATION POLICY SPELLS DEATH FOR MONTAGNARDS

Dispatch News Service/
LIBERATION News Service

PLEIKU, South Vietnam [LNS] — Four months ago, the Saigon government forced 2,500 Montagnard tribespeople to move from their villages in the Central Highlands to a resettlement site in Pleiku Province. Today, more than 250 of them are dead — victims of diseases caused by conditions at the camp.

Major Robert Hockman, chief of the public health assistance team for the provice, attributes the deaths to a combination of inadequate shelter and a lack of food and drinking water.

The Montagnards at Pleiku are part of approximately 45,000 Montagnards relocated in a major involuntary relocation campaign dubbed "Gathering the People," ordered last year by Region II Commanding General Ngo Dzu to eliminate all "insecure hamlets."

U.S. officials in Saigon say privately that the lack of planning accompanying the hurried relocation is responsible for many difficulties being experienced at the new sites. But the U.S. is providing logistical and relief support for the move anyway.

Most of the deaths in Pleikotu relocation center during the first few weeks were due to pneumonia, Major Hochman said: "When they first arrived in the middle of December the temperature was usually around 40 degrees at night, and the Montagnards were issued only one blanket per family." The minimum necessary to protect against exposure would have been two per person, he added.

Montagnards traditionally keep fires going in their longhouses to provide warmth during cold nights, according to Hochman, but there was not enough wood available at Pleikotu to build an adequate fire. "They were trying to burn little sticks and twigs to keep warm," he said, "but it just wasn't enough." The exposure to the cold was the primary reason for the outbreak of pneumonia, which in many cases was fatal, he explained.

The more recent deaths are attributable to the combination of unsafe drinking water and the extreme heat during the day in the tin houses. Death is the result of diarrhea and dehydration, Hochman said.

The problem of providing safe drinking water has still not been resolved, four months after the people first arrived at Pleikotu. The people must still walk 300 to 400 yards down a steep hill in order to get water from a slow, shallow stream which is unsafe for drinking because so many people use it for bathing. The government has provided no assistance in digging wells or treating the water, despite the extraordinary high death toll at the site.

According to the health officer many of the dead in Pleikotu undoubtedly could have been saved if they had gone to the province hospital in Pleiku to be treated. But the people will not go to the hospital because they are afraid that if they die outside the village, they will not be buried.

Christopher Squire, Province Senior Advisor in Pleiku, believes that conditions in Pleikotu will improve gradually. "It's hell for the first ytar," he said, "and it will be still rough the second year, but the third year will be better."

MORE NOTES ON THE PUSHERMAN:

by Tom Condit
LIBERATION News Service

Chloromycetin is a powerful and effective antibiotic made by the giant pharmaceutical firm of Parke, Davis & Co. It is also very dangerous. A package insert required by the Food and Drug Administration warns doctors of "serious and fatal" blood diseases which can result from use of Chloromycetin.

Italy, however, has no Food and Drug Administration.

"The fact that therapy with Chlormycetin is remarkably without secondary reactions is very significant," reads Parke-Davis's Italian package insert. "In the few cases in which reactions occur, these are generally limited to slight nausea or diarrhea and their severity rarely requires suspension of treatment."

Parke-Davis efforts to push Chloromycetin wherever there are no effective barriers to false claims in advertising provoked even the State Department into flurries of letter-writing. The Department sent an open letter to Latin American physicians warning them that the Spanish-language package inserts omitted references to fatal side effects and recommended the drug for diseases "where the FDA knows of no data to substantiate its effectiveness."

The dishonesty in these campaigns is not an isolated incident. Merck's antirheumatic drug Indocin goes to American doctors with warnings against side-effects such as hemorrhage of the esophagus, stomach, and intestines; retinal disturbances and blurring of vision; gastrointestinal bleeding; toxic hepatitis; comas, convulsions, and psychotic episodes.

Merck further warns that the drug should be used only in moderate to severe cases of arthritic diseases after "other measures of established value" fail.

But in Australia, Indocin is marketed with the warnings about side effects weakened or omitted, and is recommended for use in relieving pain and inflammation after dental surgery as well as for bursitis.

FT. MEADE GIs CHEER ANTI-WAR SPEECH, SWEAR AT THEIR COMMANDER

FT. MEADE, Md. [LNS] — About 200 GIs, most of them black, gave a standing ovation to a strong anti-war speech by California congressman Ron Dellums — and then booed, hooted and cursed their post commander Col. A.W. Alexander, druing a fierce exchange over conditions at Ft. Meade.

Dellums' April 13 appearance at Ft. Meade, headquarters of the First Army, was one of a series he is making to U.S. military posts urging soldiers "to resist the immoral war in Indochina" and to demand their rights and privileges as soldiers and citizens. He also tours the installations, looking for and often finding what he calls "inadequate" to "inhuman" conditions at barracks and stockades.

Col. Alexander and his deputy, Col. Elam W. Wright, Jr., chose not to debate Dellums on the war issue but did stand to take angry questions from the soldiers. Their answers were often drowned out by an uproar of obscenities.

There are military regulations forbidding just about everything the troops did and said in the dingy theater, but the Colonels seemed anxious to avoid any major blow-up. They didn't call in the MPs, and made only feeble attempts to stand on their dignity — "I have told the congressman we would accomodate him in any way we could," Col. Wright bristled, "but I'm not going to stand here to be vilified."

After the meeting was over, Col. Alexander comforted himself by telling reporters that "Most of those men are in the SPB (a unit of men awaiting trial or punishment). They are the dregs of the Army."

BATTLE CREEK SNAPS CRACKLES, AND POPS AS BLACK WORKERS CONFRONT KELLOGG

BATTLE CREEK, Mich. [LNS] — The Kellogg Cereal Company of Battle Creek for years has nurtured an image of Walt Disney-like purity. Nevertheless, on April 10, roughly 150 black workers met with representatives of the Michigan Civil Rights Commission in Battle Creek to level charges of a Kellogg ceiling on promotions for blacks.

According to the workers, out of 4,500 salaried and hourly employees there are only 30 blacks in any kind of managerial or foreman position, and among nearly 500 skilled trades workers only eight are black.

The American Federation of Grain Millers, which represents most of Kellogg's employees has essentially ignored the black workers' complaints. The 3,400 member Local 3 in Battle Creek is administered by 78 officers, none of whom is black.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

NEW YORK [LNS] — An off-duty patrolman was shot to death in a Brooklyn discotheque recently after he refused to check his coat.

Apparently the cop, James Boyd, was afraid that his gun would show if he took off his coat. He got into a heated argument with the club bouncer and with club patron Franklin Elcock, an off-duty Transit Authority cop himself.

The dispute reached a climax when Boyd and Elcock both drew service revolvers and started blaxing away at each other. At least nine shots were fired in all.

A HUNDRED BLACK SOLDIERS ENTER "WHITES ONLY" BAR AND BATTLE WHITE SOLDIERS IN KOREA

SEOUL, South Korea [LNS] — Seven American soldiers were arrested April 13 during a series of racial battles which Korean sources said started when about 100 black soldiers forced their way into a Korean bar catering to white servicemen.

The bar near the 38th Artillery Brigade's Camp Humphreys formerly was the only one catering to blacks among the eight in the village, but recently it hung out a "white only" sign.

Later, the U.S. Army said, there were disturbances at the base, minor fires were set both off and on the post, a number of windows were broken in a village near the main gate, and seven soldiers were arrested on suspicion of arson and larceny.

The Army condeded that the disturbances had "some racial overtones."

news

NEWSPOEM
Believe it or not, the most common cause of loss of hearing among Americans is a leisure activity, the shot gun. It generates noise levels as high as those found a few feet from a jet engine yet despite a rising tide of concern about "noise pollution" using a shotgun continues to be one of America's most popular sporting activities . . .

The (London) Financial Times Mar. 15, 1971

shot from superguns: cut off Vietnamese ears
(Postwar Toasties)
unleisurely blast your tastiest fears

if a gun is a penis, I prime you now, alas:
your limpdick hides below your loudsome ass

"Stoned."

A FABLE
by
Vincent Titus

Once a yogi assumed the position and achieved nirvana.

MORAL:
That's a strange place to ball.

WORLD ROMANY CONGRESS GYPSY POWER

LONDON [LNS] — Gypsies, members of a minority group that has been harassed longer and more persistently than any other by European societies, recently held an international conference here to press for international recognition and a new consciousness of their plight.

The harassment of gypsies — who are mostly dark-skinned Romanies descended from a wandering tribe from India — was the central issue at the World Romany Congress.

It is estimated that there are now about three million gypsies in Europe. Gypsies from 15 European countries were represented at the congress.

They have never been particularly welcome in any of these countries, largely because of their refusal to settle down and accept the pattern of "normal" life. Even less "assimilable" than the Jewish populations, they were equally a target for Nazi genocide, if not for international mourning. About 500,000 gypsies died in German concentration camps.

More recently, many European countries have attempted to assimilate their gypsy populations by passing laws against nomads and severely restricting the number of sites at which they may camp legally.

In Britain, for example, with 20,000 gypsies, activists plan to fight for 200 permanent camping sites, instead of the present 40, and are hoping to build nursery schools and caravan schools for the 6,000 gypsy children in Britain and Wales. Fewere than 600 of these children now attend school.

The recent congress came up with plans to standardize the Romany language and teach it at schools on caravan sites, and to establish an international gypsy newspaper. But they agreed that above all "what is needed is international recognition that gypsies are a separate people with a separate way of life."

SOUTH AFRICAN CONSULATE BOMBED IN NEW YORK

by Africa Research Group

NEW YORK [LNS] — The South African Consulate-general Office in New York City was heavily damaged by a powerful bomb blast Monday morning (April 12). A 12 inch pipe bomb, loaded with ball bearings, demolished the Madison Avenue office.

Hours after the explosion a group called the Black Revolutionary Assault Team claim responsibility for the attack. An anonymous telephone call from the Team said: "This is to show our support for the revolutionary people of Africa and to totally wipe out this fascist state. Power to the People."

Last July a similar bomb was discovered at the same office before it could explode. Likewise, las fall a bomb damaged the New York office of South African Airlines. Other militant challenges to South African officials have occurred throughout the U.S. during the past year.

In response to the bombing the South African Consul General Owen Booysen said: "There are people opposed to my government's policies but no civilized group would do a thing like this."

PRINCIPAL ATTACKED FOR RACIAL WORK

YPSILANTI, Mich. [LNS] — A group of four to six black-hooded men tarred and feathered the high school principal here after he strongly condemned racial discrimination at the school.

The principal, Dr. Wiley Brownlee, had just left a meeting in which he was attempting to work out some of the racial problems that had been plaguing Willow Run High School, where he works. He was driving along an isolated stretch of road when he noticed that a car was blocking his way, farther ahead. When he stopped, a man got out of the car ahead. "When he turned around," Brownlee reported, "I saw his hood." It was shaped like the hoods used by the KuKluxKlan, but it was black instead of white.

The man then pointed a shotgun at Brownlee, motioned him out of the car, and moved him farther down the road. Several others, similarly hooded, joined. Someone then hit Brownlee on the back of the head, and when he fell to the ground they poured the tar and feathers on him.

Although Brownlee was unable to identify his attackers, he said that they had been white male adults. He also told reporters that he had been threatened by the Klan earlier, and that "the right-wing element in our community is unhappy with the way I handle the school. The kids aren't, but this parental group is."

IN THREE WEEKS, THEY PLOTTED A REVOLUTION, CHARGE AGENTS IN "HARLEM" 5 TRIAL

by Janet Cyril

NEW YORK [LNS] — On May 16, 1968, in the wake of Harlem's angry response to the murder of Martin Luther King, police surrounded an apartment building on Fifth Avenue in the heart of Harlem. A short while later, six young Black men had been rounded up on conspiracy charges, including two counts of conspiracy to murder.

The arrests grabbed headlines, and the New York Police Department took pleasure in posing as public heroes who "stopped a revolution." But after all the publicity, the prosecution moved very slowly giving time for interest in the case to die down before presenting its skimpy evidence. Spending from 3 to 17 months in jail, the six defendants were released on bails ranging from $3500 to $5000.

Now, almost three years later (with no attention from the press) their trial has finally begun. After a month of jury selection, opening statements were made on April 13. The six defendants, after hearing what the prosecutor planned to use as evidence, charged that the case is based on a fabric of lies woven by two undercover agents, Wayne A. Carrington and Timothy Hubbard.

The case has been dubbed "The Harlem 5" because five of the defendants — Hannibal Ahmed, Wallace Marks, Sayeed Salahdeen (Lloyd Butler), Aykik (John) Garret, and Ebb Glenn (Shag) — are active in the Harlem community as members of the Harlme Youth Federation. The sixth, Preston Lay, Jr. is from the Bedford-Stuyvesant community in Brooklyn.

Assistant District Attorney Lawrence Goldman detailed the accusations of the State of New York. Goldman alleges that from April 24 to May 16, 1968 (in the aftermath of Dr. King's death), the defendants made plans to kill members of the police department of New York City by means of bombs and guns, to rob a check-cashing service on Hunts Point Avenue in the Bronx and kill its manager, and to break into the Kingsbridge Armory in the Bronx and steal weapons stored there.

Goldman's opening statement described in dramatic detail the various meetings that took place in which he charges the plans were formulated. He also described tape recordings of several of these meetings made by his undercover agents. He painted a picture of six criminal minds plotting in three weeks a revolution in Harlem.

Defense attorney William Kunstler and Wallace Marks, who is defending himself, painted quite a different picture. They intend to show that the defendants were victims of New York police paranoia and of a plot by the undercover agents to further advance their own careers.

According to the defense, the defendants first met Wayne A. Carrington and Timothy Hubbard on April 22, 1968. The two agents expressed an interest in working with the Harlme Youth Federation, which was then involved in the demonstrations against Columbia University's expansion into the Harlem community, and ina youth anti-drug campaign.

The defense said it welcomed the introduction of Carrington's and Hubbard's tape recordings as evidence, for they would show most clearly that it was undercover agents who advanced many of the ideas and suggestions that the D.A. labeled "plans," and how, during some of these "bull sessions," the defendants opposed some of the wilder suggestions put forth by the agents.

The tape-recorded meetings were arranged by the agents, not by the defendants, says the defense. Furthermore, on the day of their arrest, as the defendants prepared to leave for Washington, D.C. to join Resurrection City without having carried out these suggestions of the agents, the defense plans to prove that the undercover agent Wayne Carrington urged them not to go to Washington, but to carry out his plans first.

The defense moved for the dismissal of all charges against Aykik (John) Garrett, who was not mentioned in the indictment, but arrested at the last minute as he came to the apartment where Hannibal Ahmed lived to buy a ticket for the bus to Resurrection City. The Judge expressed doubt that the charges against Garrett would stick but did not think that it was "cruel and unusual punishment" for him to remain on trial until the case goes to the jury.

Along with its first few witnesses, the prosecution presented photographs and a diagram of the Kingsbridge Armory, indicating that they will try to duplicate the style used in the case against the New York Panther 21 — a morass of endless detail to cover and surround the role played by the undercover agents.

[New York area subscribers may want to attend the trial which continues at 10 a.m. Monday through Thursday in Part 43, Room 1536 on the 15th floor of the Criminal Courts Building at 100 Center St., New York City.]

TENNESSEE'S ANSWER TO THE "POPULATION EXPLOSION" STERILIZE WELFARE WOMEN

LIBERATION News Service

NASHVILLE, Tenn. [LNS] — Tennessee legislators are planning to check the "population explosion" by sterilizing welfare mothers.

The proposed law would force women with one or more "illegitimate" children to submit to a sterilization or lose all welfare benefits. In some cases it would allow the state to take these children away from their families and place them in foster homes.

On March 15 two hundred welfare mothers, most of them black, black legislators, representatives of social agencies and human-rights groups testified against House Bill No. 20 at a public hearing before the state's Welfare Committee in Nashville.

In fact, the only person to speak *for* the bill was State Representative Larry Bates, a Democrat from northwestern Tennessee. A member of the Welfare Committee, Bates had introduced the bill to the Tennessee legislature last fall.

Calling welfare mothers "brood cows," Bates read to the audience from letters his supporters have sent to him. One Tennessee mayor wrote, "... Even my maid said this should be done, she is behind it 100 percent."

Bates' argument — that the bill would save Tennessee money — was quickly put down. Mildred Stone, a representative of the National Association of Social Workers, pointed out that welfare mothers are given a maximum of $15 a month for every child they have at home. Since it would cost a minumum of $65 a month to keep a child in a foster home, the bill doesn't save the state any money.

Bates was frequently booed. When he asked, "What do we have a government for?" the audience yelled, "For show!" And when he asked, "What will we do when the welfare river runs dry?" one woman shouted "End the war in Vietnam and we'll have plenty of money."

Avon Williams, a black State Senator joined in. "He asked about the welfare river running dry. Now, that's a beautiful one. Every legislature that I have been in, there have been bills to increase the pension of various civil servants ... there's all kinds of welfare ..."

Jennifer Haskel, a black welfare mother and a member of Knoxville Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), testified that the bill was prejudiced against poor women. "... You do not force the men responsible into sterilization. You do not force middle-class women (married or unmarried) into sterilization ... This is unequal and unfair punishment of a small group of women."

The Welfare Committee members of the platform — all men — adjourned the meeting when they couldn't silence one of the welfare women.

Willie Pearl Ellis, head of Memphis WElfare Rights Organization, was in the middle of a sentence when the chairman pounded the gavel and the legislators gathered up their papers and fled.

"I'm a welfare recipient. If Mr. Bates can propose a bill as to what to do with my life, I think I have a right to question that. ... If you're going to sit and make decisions on how to control my life — and you don't live under the same circumstances — I have a right to ask questions."

Bill No. 20 is not a new idea. "Eugenic" sterilization laws have been on the books for about 65 years. They have been used many times "to keep the country from being flooded with criminals and degenerate and weakminded elements."

The peak of legal sterilizations was reached in the late 1930s when 25,000 operations were recorded.

Recently, certain statisticians have been trying to prove that involuntary sterilizations are declining. A 1968 private report even goes so far as to conclude that one-half of the 400 legal sterilizations they say were performed nationally in that year were performed in North Carolina!

But another survey shows that in the past 15 years involuntary sterilization legislation has been enacted in California, Delaware, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Maryland, North Carolina and Virginia.

In 1964, Mississippi tried to pass a bill that made it a felony for anyone to become the parent of a second or subsequent "illegitimate" child. The recommended penalty was one to three years in the state penitentiary for a first conviction, and three to five years for later convictions. To avoid going to jail, convicted women could submit to sterilization.

Because of national pressure the sterilization section of the bill was dropped. But the law does exist today. The felony reads as a misdemeanor and the maximum jail sentence is three months.

To get help in defeating the bill, many poor Mississippi women gave testimony to friends and supporters that year. At a meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (WILPF) in Jackson, Fannie Lou Hamer, a black woman, described the situation of black women in that area. "Six out of every ten Negro women were taken to Sunflower City Hospital to be sterilized for no reason at all. Often the women were not told that they had been sterilized until they were released from the hospital."

The Tennessee legislature will vote on House Bill No. 20 in the early fall. Most of the welfare women at the hearing think that the legislature will defeat the bill. But they also agree that they cannot depend on the legislature to defeat the ideology behind it.

[This story originally was written for the Southern Patriot.]

ARTISTS – SQUAWK TO NAWC!

by Alex Gross

After two years of bumbling and bungling by the Art Workers Coalition, a real organization has finally arrived on the scene to protect artists and act as watchdog over the art scene. It is called the National Art Workers Community, and is, as its name suggests, national in scope. It was founded at the end of January in Chicago at a nation-wide convention of artists and art educators. Its western headquarters is for the time being in Minneapolis but there are already branches beginning to spring up in several other cities.

The New York branch is already open for business and busy doing a number of things for artists. For instance, thanks to NAWC, as it is familiarly know, there is now an artists' complaint bureau you can turn to with any grievances you may have about what is happening to you in the arts – it can be a complaint about a gallery, a museum, a company that has screwed you by stealing your ideas or designs, or you can call and tell them why you think you were treated badly by the New York State Council's grab-bag award program for individual artists or any other similar "award" of "fellowship" program. Similarly, if you feel that you have been the victim of prejudice in showing your work or perhaps in trying to get a loan or insurance merely because you called yourself an artist, then call the NAWC Fair Practices Agency about that too. And needless to say, NAWC is particularly interested in hearing of instances of racist, sexist, or religious bias against artists, either from the museum-gallery world or from your own personal experience trying to sell your work.

NAWC will document, investigate and verify every complaint you choose to make to it. In many cases it will also do what it can to obtain some form of redress for the artist involved. In other cases it will use your complaints to press for legislation or for new rules and procedures within the art world to eliminate the source of your complaint. So if you have any complaints at all, the SQUAWK to NAWC, at any time of day or night. You don't even have to give your name if you don't want to, though it might help NAWC in making its investigation (and in any case the time when artists have to be afraid is now drawing to a close).

THE NUMBERS TO CALL ARE: 929-6537 or 541-7600 (24 hour answering service starting May 1.)

In addition, NAWC is holding a week-long open house, every evening starting Monday, May 10 to Friday May 14, from 6 PM to 9 PM, and on Saturday afternoon, May 15, from 1 PM to 5 PM. The address for this is 48 West 22nd Street, and all artists interested in finding out what NAWC is up to and what it can do for them should be sure to attend, choosing whichever of these days is most convenient for them, as well as whichever hour is best. The mood of this Open House will be informal, and anyone who comes is free to make any suggestions he thinks may prove useful to other artists. Come in and rap.

The reason for this is that too many artists' meetings in the past have turned into shouting sessions or endurance tests for the artists with the biggest egos. This was particularly true of the Art Workers Coalition, which now seems to have degenerated into a small clique of conceptual and minimal artists huddling around a single self-promoting critic. Part of the problem may be that most self-styled radical artists have in fact been nothing more than bourgeois individualists and petty capitalists, desperately trying to outdo their fellow artists and promote their work by appearing to be fashionably "left." This in turn has been caused by the system (or lack of system) under which artists earn their bread and farme.

NAWC believes that it is possible to change this system and that the only healthy direction left for the arts today lies in changing it. At present the entire radical and youth movement in this country is a turning point, not because it has failed but because it has in fact succeeded in having its ideas and culture accepted as the majority culture of the people. The future of the movement now lies not in further campaigning and sloganeering but in providing concrete practical programs to implement its ideas. This is true not only for winding up the Viet Nam war but also on the ecological front and in the whole complex of problems connected with setting up new priorities for the nations. The NAWC believes that a nation which places its artists in a central role, instead of just someplace on the margin, will in itself be and become a healthier, more meaningful society. To that end NAWC will be working on the down-to-earth nitty-gritty political level in developing programs which can help artists to change society and themselves. This means a thorough-going series of changes on the economic front, including new deals for artists in housing, insurance, opportunities for exposure, legal and tax advantages, and eventually even incomes for artists, as is already the case in Holland, Finland, and Canada.

Soon the NAWC will be setting up the first reasonably priced all-inclusive insurance plan for artists, with a good chance of the government coming in to foot part of the bill in the not to distant future. This is not part of a utopian dream-world but merely the fruit of the enormous upsurgence or revolutionary ideas in all fields over the last few years. NAWC also intends to establish as soon as possible an employment bureau for artists to help them find jobs inside and outside of the arts. Part of the basic philosophy of the NAWC is to employ artists wherever possible in setting up these various programs for artists, on the well-founded premise that artists are already working at a variety of responsible positions in business and industry. This is simply because they are not able to work as artists on a full-time basis, and they can just as well work for an agency which might advance the time when they can devote their full energies to their art.

By next fall or early next winter NAWC plans to have sufficient financing to pay artists for their help. Until then it is operating on a volunteer basis, though it eventually expects to be able to pay their volunteers as well for work completed. NAWC will also soon be setting up a scheme for obtaining artists' materials, including plastics and other raw media materials, at reduced prices.

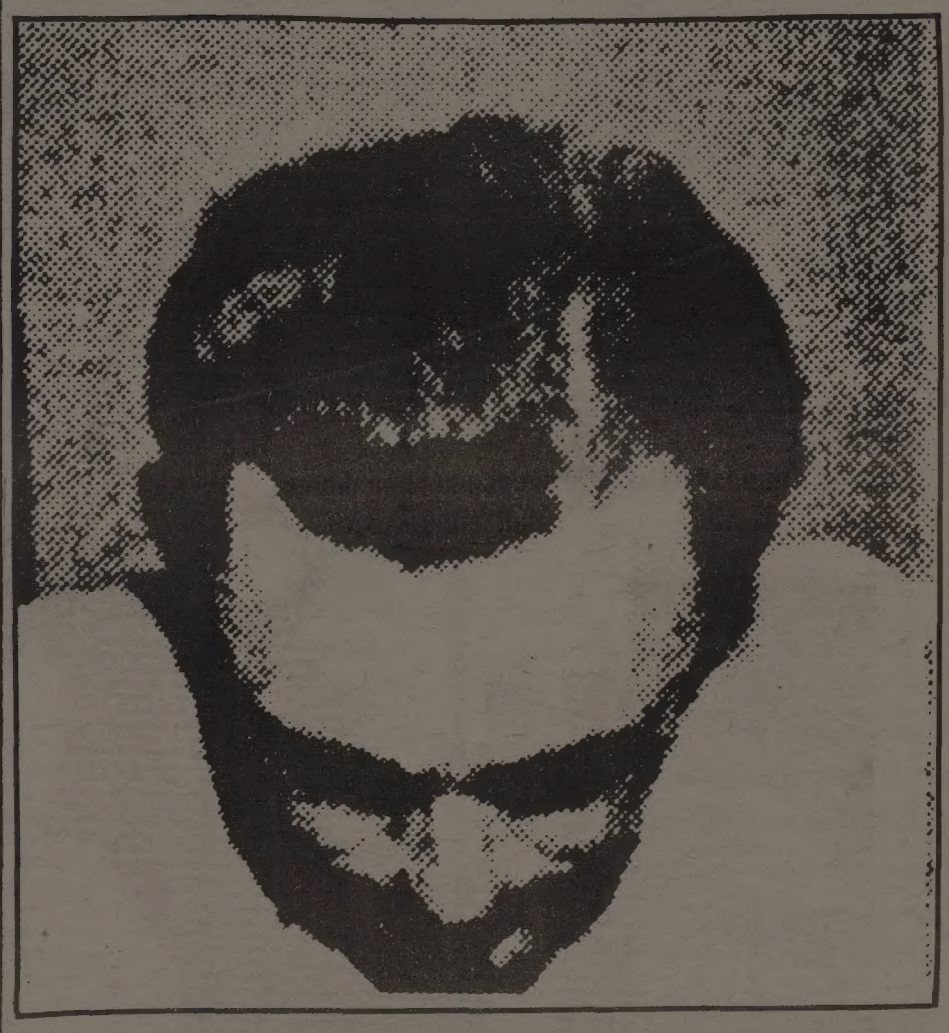
If you are an artist or are interested in the arts and want to advance the day when the arts play a far greater role in our society, then come to NAWC's Open House and volunteer your services (days and hours above) either as a NAWC worker (2-3 hours a week) or as a NAWC Organizer (5-10 hours a week). Or call NAWC at 929-6537 or 541-7600 (24 hour answering service starting May 1). Or write and ask them for their newsletter, just enclose a stamped return envelope if you can. If you don't have the six cents, write anyway and they will send you one.

NAWC's program includes:

1. A health and accident insurance program.
2. An employment agency to help artists find jobs in arts or elsewhere.
3. Open housing for artists at reasonable prices.
4. Actual government incomes for all artists who need them.
5. Protection for artists against racial, sexist, or religious bias.
6. Introduction of the Irish negative income tax plan for artist.
7. Artists' materials at greatly reduced prices.
8. Fighting for the artist in Washington and state capitals.
9. Setting up a legal division to obtain:
   a) Artists' Domain, a new protection category supplementing copyright to get reimbursement from manufacturers and other

(Continued on Page 20)

Sensation



BEFORE

LOOKAT

8

Joan McKenna is the Chairman of the Board and Media Director of Quantum Communications Incorporated and Media Director of Quantum Communications Incorporated, Berkeley, California. In her work for Quantum, Miss McKenna consults to business, government, and social organizations in such fields as communications systems design, the impact of new technologies, and manpower training. Her current work is the preparation of economic, social, and manpower projections for the Cable Television (CATV) Industry.

This interview was conducted in New York on January 27, 1971 by Rudi Stern and John Brumage. A half inch (CV series) videotape was produced by Jack Amon, Eric Feldman, and Jay Mittleman. Video copies may be obtained from the Harpur College Experimental Television Workshop, Box 22, State University of New York, Binghamton, N.Y. 13902, (607) 798-3418.

Joan McKenna may be contacted through Quantum Communications Inc., 2330 McKinley, Berkely, California 94703. (415) 548-4000.

NOTES ON THE NEW UMBILICAL NETWORK
By Rudi Stern
and
Shridhar Bapat

RudijRudi: What brings you to our fair city?

Joan: Well I have a proposal which I went to Washington to get funded. And things looked good there but one of the things I had to know was how many people it would take to operate an urban cable system. I found that they didn't really know. They were turned on to the potential of cable but when it came down to human resources – the people who could do different things to bring it all together, they didn't know. They weren't even thinking in that direction. They were turned on to profits and revenues – all these number things. They weren't looking at how to make the thing go, turn it into a reality – and that requires manpower, human energy, human investment in the system.

Rudi: Could you describe the structure of your company in Berkeley?

Joan: Well its described in the name – Quantum Communications: we try to reinforce and regenerate units of individual ideas, abilities, energies. We've got strong people who are competent in various fields who got interested in human communications at some level, whether it was education, or law, or technology, or research in human growth. We all came together because we were interested in finding our own liberation – ways in which we could move – because with strong people the harder it is for them to relate to others they feel they've got it all together, but they haven't because they are alone. The only way you can get a group of strong people together is to give them lots of space to operate, so that they're neither alone nor totally dependent on anyone else. They reinforce each other through their own independence.

Rudi: What do you imagine

al Results!

AFTER

cable television to be five years from now?

Joan: Why five? Let's look at it three years from now. Because there are *other technologies* moving very rapidly as well. You will reach a plateau in about three years on cable. By that time you should be able to hit some buttons, whether on a telephone or dialtone on a TV set and get any information you request, on whatever level of complexity or simplicity. And this request could be cross-indexed to every computer in this country and throughout the world that has the appropriate information; and make it available to you in any form you want: film, video tape, facsimile transmission. You could read rare books off your screen. You could find the best, cheapest or most convenient place to buy something. People could have individual access to any one they wanted; you wouldn't need the cities in the sense that people wouldn't have to be ghettoized to have anything result. You'd be able to have the best of programming by whatever criteria of the best you wish to use.

John: In other words your own value system, without someone else preconceiving what's good or bad. The information is there and it's free. The value judgements are your own. That'st he importance of the concept of information being accessible from both directions. Anybody can put it in, anybody can get it out — then the mind is free to look and choose.

Rudi: What do you see in terms of alternate forms of culture arriving on cable?

Joan: At the moment you've got a *facility that* is pretty much infinite potential as far as how much content it can accommodate. The people who now control that space don't know what to do with it. They really didn't expect astounding capabilities from what they thought was a simple little system for getting over-the-air broadcasting to people who lived in bad-reception areas. What it *really is is a huge* close-circuit TV system in which any point can input. With open access to any person or any information you wanted, you could build up an almost infinite sequence of questions and answers; you could start making correlations and connections, arrive at patterns, overlapping bodies of information. It makes *you* the creator of yourself and of what you think about in terms of what you have access to.

John: Getting back to the specifics of gaining cable access for the alternate television producers — cable people have suddenly found themselves with twenty-five *channels for which* they *have* to provide original programming within a few months. And they don't know what to put on. . .

Joan: They don't know what the public wants. They have no idea of what a community is. There is far less human exchange going on in Wall Street than there is in Harlem. How can you say that everybody wants the same thing — you don't want the same thing as the guy next door — who doesn't want the same as the nexy one, etc. How do you decide? When we talk about mass audiences of broadcast TV, we have some incredible myths. . .e.g. the mass myth of TV as manipulating the mass consciousness of everyone but 'I the intelligent viewerr. . ."

Rudi: What makes you operate *under the assumption that cable*

(Continued on Page 20)

VILLAGE 9

MUSEUM ART POLITICS

by LIL PICARD

Since political chinese-american ping pong is the groovy thing to talk about, let's use Chairman Mao Tse-Tung quotation Ibid., pp 88-90 on Culture and Art and listen to what he has to say about it:

"In literary and art criticism there are two criteria, the political and the artistic. . .

"There is the political criterion and there is the artistic criterion; what is the relationship between the two? Politics cannot be equated with art, nor can a general world outlook be equated with a method of artistic creation and criticism. We deny not only that there is an abstract and absolutely unchangeable political criterion, but also that there is an abstract and absolutely unchangeable artistic criterion; each class in every class society has its own political and artistic criteria. But all classes in all class societies invariably put the political criterion first and the artistic criterion second. . .what we demand is the unity of politics and art, the unity of content and form, the unity of revolutionary political content and the highest possible perfection of artistic form. Works of art which lack artistic quality have no force however progressive they are politically. Therefore, we oppose both works of art with wrong political viewpoint and the tendency towards the "poster and slogan style" which is correct in political viewpoint but lacking in artistic power. On questionsof literature and art we must carry on the struggle on two fronts."

The Prevalence of Ritual
Romare Bearden &
Richard Hunt
in Moma

Moma presents the double-feature Romare Bearden (Collagist-Painter) & Richard Hunt Sculptor and graphic artist. Bearden is today the admired classical artist, who has a sophisticated knowledge, an extensive european education and the know-how of the Collage-metier, which he explores with finnesse and a usage of sociological, one can say *political content. He is basically a* cubist, he fragmentises forms, distorts the figure. He uses painted papers, textiles, odds and ends of all kinds of materials and his subject matter is the black world of his own people. He tells the story of life in the streets of the ghetto, shows the houses, the rooms, the families, the women, men, kids, interiuers, and in his latest work he describes in an Ilustrative manner a whole Block. This mural, that is underlined with sound effects is called "The Block," measures 18 foot and surprises the observer with recorded street noises, *music, talk, songs, etc. created by* Daniel Dembrosky and financially made possible by a contribution from Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). Bearden's Studio is on Canal Street, where he works for many years and holds contact with his own people, black and white artists and intellectuals and friends. At the time when George Grosz taught at the Art Student LEague, Bearden studied with him and *after WW 2 he met* regularly with intellectuals from Europe in a Bar in the Bronx: Ludwig Renn, Oscar Maria Graf, Ernst Toller, Bert Brecht. He admits in an Interview that he was strongly influenced in his work by those european friends. Before that time in the thirties he had studied in Paris Mathematics and Philosophy and also Art. The freedom in Paris, at that time, had been for him his most important artistic experience.

The show in the Museum of Modern Art is comprehensive, colorful, dramatic, some of the *collages show a saturation with a* firelike glow, the faces, mouth, hands, nails of the human figures are often enlarged and distorted in a kind of africen or voodoo ritualistic manner; Bearden says about his work July 1970: "I am trying to find out what there is in me that is common to, or touches other men. The Catalogue published by Moma is an instructive, colorful one with an essay by the black curator Carrol Green, who organized the show.

RICHARD HUNT

His sculptures are gleaming metal works, standing, hanging, shooting out from *the walls, ressembling often* strange creatures, insects with long leggy appendixes. They are welded constructions, from steel or other metals, organic in shape and form, as it can be detected by the titles of the works: "Winged Hybrid," "Organic Construction," "Natural Form, Rock form." Hunt is a very gifted sculpture and has an extroadinary talent for drawing. His graphic work is excellent. It can also be seen and bought at the DORSKY GALLERY

III 4t* * *

In a symposion on Black Art which took place last month in the Art Students League the validity of white Curators & white critics selecting and criticizing black artists work was questioned by the all black Panel. I will therefore not criticise the work in this particular case and try to describe what I see and mention facts. The facts are at the moment that Moma is showing Bearden and Hunt and in the *Penthouse Gallery also three works* by the late black painter Bob Thompson and that the Whitney Museum opened "The CONTEMPORARY BLACK ARTIST IN AMERICA SHOW," that has caused wide controversy and trouble. The result of the show on which the white curator Robert M. Doty worked for two years, travelling all over U.S.A. selecting black artists work — was a "walkout," of 17 artists before and at the official Whitney opening and the immediate following of a "Rebuttal" to the Whitney show at the NIGEL JACKSON ACTS OF ART GALLERY 15 Charles Street, in the West Village. Both shows, the uptown Whitney one and the downtown Charles Street one have to be seen and compared. Both are extremely interesting from an art-cultural-political point of view (look up Mao's statement on art and culture) and also from a human point of view. A poster called "Historical Poster," titled "Head of the Invisibile *King,"* can be obtained in the Charles Street Show for $3. MAny works are sold in both shows, uptown and downtown. The downtown show includes four women: Betty Blayton, Enid Richardson, Vivian BRown and Dinga McCannon. In the Whitney are now shown, after the walk out of 17 artists, 6 women in an exhibition that shows 58 artists. The reason for the walk out of the 17 Blacks was that the Whitney changed the original date for the show from February 71 to April 71 and did not use the help of a black guest-curator. TWENTY SIX CONTEMPORARY WOMEN *ARTISTS.*

Women are treated similar like Blacks in the Artworld. They have to prove they are "super" not just "human" to be accepted in Museums and Galleries. Only lately they started to raise their voices and fight back in the established order of things — where men direct the policies. The very astonishing fact for *me is, that many of the private* commercial galleries are owned or run by "ladies" and that there are also many female curators in Museums, bt in Museums, but that nevertheless it has been for years the toughest thing to get accepted at the same percentage in art institutions and galleries as men. In the time of the abstract expressionist vogue (the fifties) an outright animosity existed against women artists. In the fight for recognition in the fifties and the sixties a few "giants" appeared, who had won the battle with super-human efforts. To name a few: Louise *Nevelson,* Helen Frankenthaler, Grace Hartigan, Marisol, Lee Bontecou, Sue Fuller, Agnes Martin. In the Catalogue to the 26 women artists show now running in the Larry Aldrich Museum in Ridgefield,

(Continued on Page 22)

Once a week the crusty staffers of the East Village Other trudge in from the sewers and streets and other NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD to sit around eleven floors above the SEETHING METROPOLIS smokin grass and grabbin ass, opening fan mail from the far flung retreats of the elite, swappin lies and swattin flies, but mainly they *come to GET THAT STORY IN.* And anon I'll shuffle innocuously in, head for the rabbi's study, say "Heah's dis week's copy boss" and retire hither or thence to read the mail and bask in the HIGHLY PROFESSIONAL Hildy Johnson electricity leaking from the various wrecked typewriters and writers, etc. And now that I am snugly ensconced in this here *feuilleton* I thought I might try to segue into another SUMMER OF LOVE with a lively constroversy over Alejandro Jodorowsky's flick *El Topo*, much *spoken of in reverent, hushed tones* in the salons of show biz savvy and other forms of cosmic comprehension. As the days grow longer an increasing number of frazzled YOUNG PEOPLE with TOMBSTONES IN THEIR EYES are confiding in me that it's only *El Topo* that makes it all worth while, and some devotees have gone so far as to grab me by my "I Saw Love Story" button and shake the body pinned to it until I feel their wrath to the bottom of GENERAL PATTON REAL ARMY SURPLUS socks as they scream "What! *You didn't like El Topo!*" No kidding. And being privy to all sorts of inside poop I have no qualms in telling you that Leonard Bernstein and Jerry Rubin even have gone on record as being absolutely crackers about it. So let us have MEANINGFUL DIALOGUE. Your hereby solicited evaluations, comments and opinions will be dealt with in a future 42 St. and anyone so definitive as to save me writing a column will receive in about two years a copy of my forthcoming book *Great Films of the Fifties*. Remember, we call a meshuggenuh a meshuggenuh. Yours for trouble.

Now off to the movies.

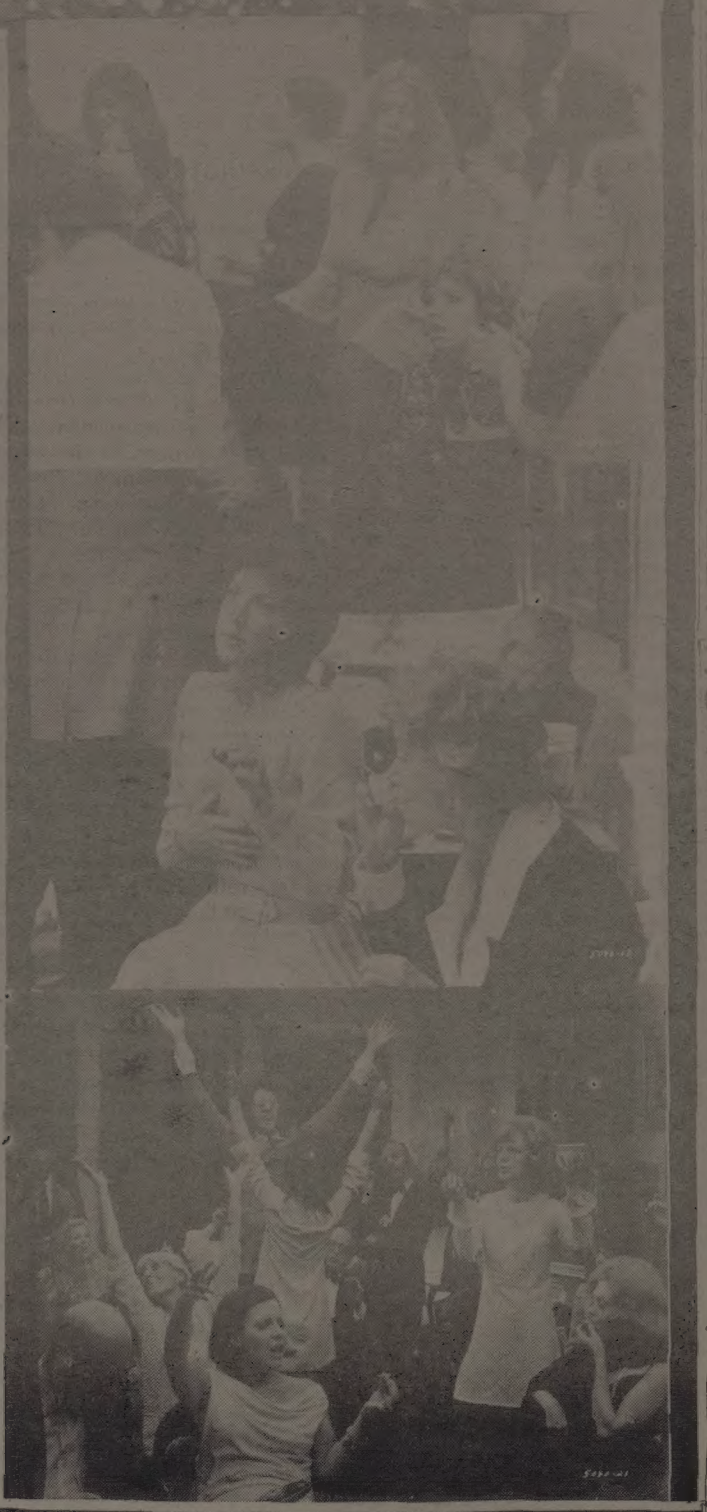
I noted two weeks ago that Mr. Milos Forman's film *Taking Off* is of rather terminal interest, to those that is on the terminal side of the generation gap. If you happen to be concerned with *parents, or know* parents, or have parents, or even are parents may find this film to the point. I don't but you may so I won't say it doesn't have some residual interest as a document about a nation of lonely ludicrous paranoid parents of "fugitive" progeny. But if you know which side you're on you will not feel too impelled to wonder this deeply about the other. But you see it may conceivably be two sided.

The first thing to overcome is Forman's intolerable and impenetrable *mitteleuropeanische* superiority to the Amerikaner mores he portrays with so much disdainful accuracy. Last spring he walked around Central Park and now fancies himself or at any rate Universal Pictures told me he fancies himself an expert on youth culture. Which revolutionary phenomenon he represents as a procession of teenyboppers auditioning for a record company. Later, to place the endless parade of parental ambivalence in perspective he has the "runaway" daughter's hippie boyfriend *reveal that he makes $100,000 a year* – but why not just come out and say that all hippies are conformists because they all have long hair? This is the type of statement that seems to emerge again and again from Forman's facile style of comic statement. The film suffers a lot from these phoney "outsider's insights."

But where Forman is effective in portraying the inner and outer confusion of two parents (Buck Henry and Lynn Carlin in two impeccable, sterling performances) who believe their daughter has run away from home although she has in fact only stayed out late.

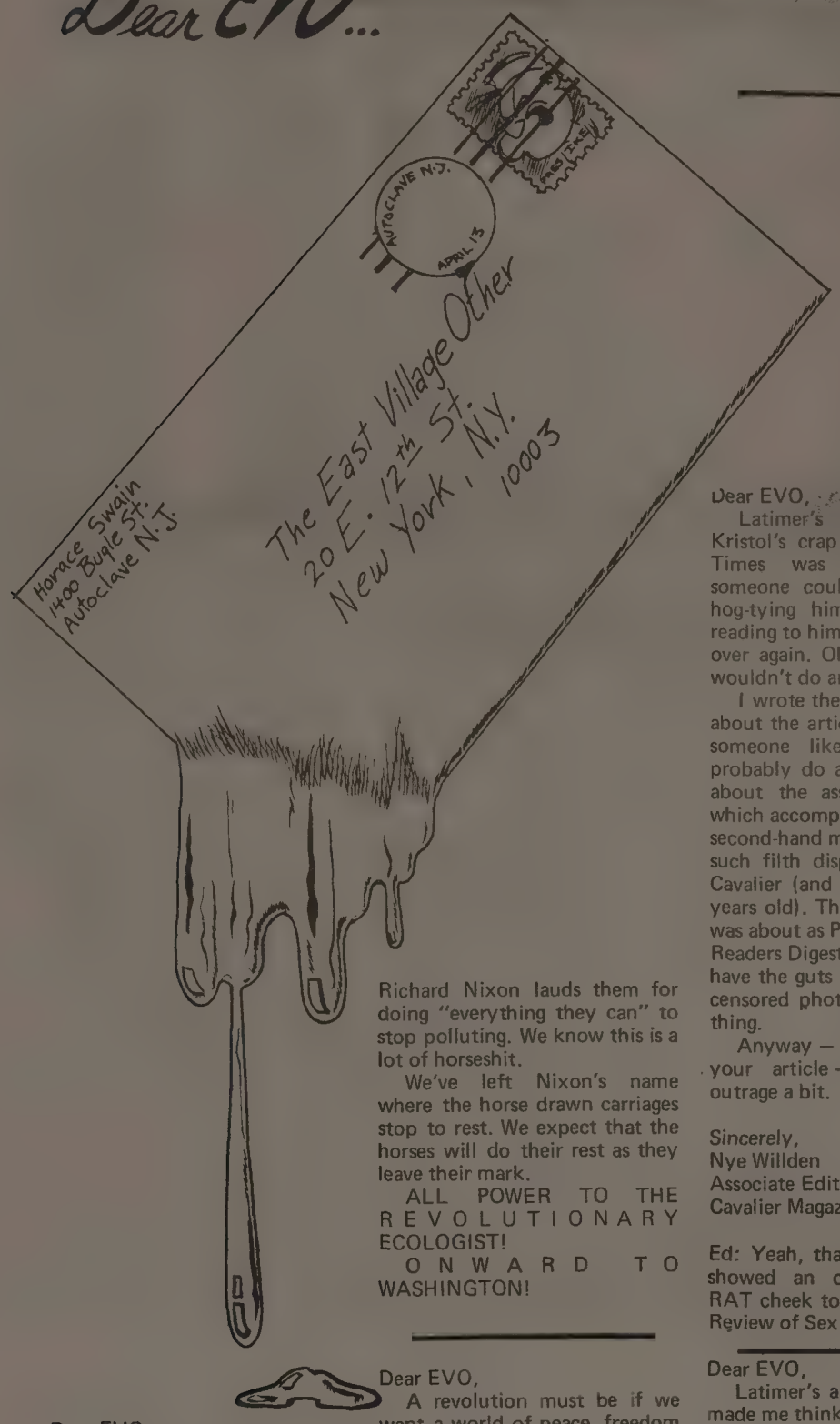
They plunge into a series of attempts to communicate with her and each other and wind up *variously drunk, impotent, chasing other* people's runaways across the roofs of the Lower East Side (by the way, the "funniest chase scene since the Keystone Kops"). Finally they join the Society for the Parents of Fugitive Children whose members attend formal banquets in the Catskills where hired hippies teach them how to smoke grass ("so that you can understand what your children have gone through"). The wild goose chase terminates in a strip poker game with another messed up couple; Buck Henry *cavorts ludicrously and here Forman* reveals his fundamental feeling of amused contempt for these essentially sordid goings on. But he does handle the old flounders and their shenanigans well enough to make a basically accurate picture of the unease and guilt in a generation whose primary moral concern of late has been to keep Lieutenant Calley from dying for their sins. But I just can't bring myself to care; I'm willing to keep these alternate lifestyles and so on open to them if they decide to make it but they're too farmisht to have a whole movie about them. But you can see it for motherfuyin' FREE if you go down to the Rugoff Theatre where its at the Tuesday this EVO comes out and tell 'em Honest Bob sent ya because they're celebrating fifty years of "public service," and all my readers are going to be let in free.

Also, if you bring three flattened beer cans to the Jerry Lewis cinema in Wayne, New Jersey, you get in to see *Namu, the Killer Whale*, plus a cartoon for free. Thanks to the Bijou for that stillon the back of last week's issue, from New York's own answer to *El Topo, Freaks*, which is shown there from time to time. But they are doing very well and don't need my plugs. But if you can teach me some card tricks especially like Karl Malden in *The Cincinatti Kid*, you get your name in the paper as soon as I win it from Katzman.



HONEST BOB'S 42 STREET HONEST BOB'S 42 STREET HONEST BOB'S 42 STREET HONEST BOB'S 42 STREET HONEST BOB'S 42 STREET HONEST BOB'S 42 STREET HONEST BOB'S 42 STREET HONEST BOB'S 42 STREET

Dear EVO...



Dear EVO,

On Saturday, April 17, at 4:30 AM, we stenciled "XNIXONX" in large letters (the stencil is about 3 feet long) on Central Park South, just west of 5th Ave. To bring our message home, we repeated it several dozen times, all in the area where horse drawn carriages generally are parked. Nixon is a symbol of war, a symbol of repression, a symbol of the American fascism which is slowly creeping over us all. It is our goal to X out the false ideals that Richard Nixon represents; today's action is symbolic of that goal.

Richard Nixon is ecologically unsound. Spiro Agnew is an environmental disaster. The government of the United States is perhaps the most destructive force in the world today. The corporate/industrial complex that rules this country exports murder to Indochina, is responsible for repression of dissent at home (the FBI even keeps files on Gaylord Nelson; if a Senator isn't safe, what about the rest of us), and destroys our natural heritage the world over. Just as General Abrams is murdering people in Vietnam; General Motors, General Electric, and all their friends are murdering our planet by polluting air, water and land. And just as the government sponsors the murder of Vietnamese and Laotian peasants, it protects the giant corporate polluter. The Nixon administration refuses to act against the big corporation, Richard Nixon lauds them for doing "everything they can" to stop polluting. We know this is a lot of horseshit.

We've left Nixon's name where the horse drawn carriages stop to rest. We expect that the horses will do their rest as they leave their mark.

ALL POWER TO THE REVOLUTIONARY ECOLOGIST!

ONWARD TO WASHINGTON!

Dear EVO,

A revolution must be if we want a world of peace, freedom and prosperity.

What we need is collective ownership of all industries and services, and management by the workers through a democratic industrial government. We must abolish the outmoded political state ("the existence of the State is inseperable from the existence of slavery," Marx) and build a non-political, cooperative, classless society.

We must not seek reforms. Reforms leave capitalism basically unchanged. As long as workers waste their time, money and effort mending and patching up the old system, the harder it will be for them to even think of building any new system. To advocate revolution but work for reforms is like washing garbage before throwing it away, or like painting and decorating a condemned house before tearing it down. You can't reform junk — we need a new society!

To avoid the rise of statism, the beaureaucratic State despotism of countries enslaved by the so-called Communist Party, the people must adopt revolutionary Marxism-De Leonism, for which only the Socialist Labor Party, organized in 1890, stands uncompromisingly.

Anyone who wants free information about the SLP's position and program, and a sample copy of the Weekly People, should write to the Socialist Labor Party, P.O. Box 200, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

The workshops to the workers!

The products to the producers!

Mike Lepore
Beacon, N.Y.

Dear EVO,

Latimer's piece on Irving Kristol's crap in the New York Times was great. Now if someone could find a way of hog-tying him to a chair and reading to him over and over and over again. Oh well, it probably wouldn't do any good.

I wrote the Times myself, not about the article — since I knew someone like yourself would probably do a superior job, but about the assinine photograph which accompanied it, showing a second-hand magazine store with such filth displayed as Jet and Cavalier (and both of them two years old). That issue of Cavalier was about as Pornographic as the Readers Digest. They didn't even have the guts to show a current, censored photograph of the real thing.

Anyway — congratulations on your article — it calmed my outrage a bit.

Sincerely,
Nye Willden
Associate Editor
Cavalier Magazine

Ed: Yeah, that photograph also showed an old pre-Liberation RAT cheek to jowl with the old Review of Sex.

Dear EVO,

Latimer's article "On Smut," made me think. Better be careful about that: making people think can get you into even more trouble than writing pornography nowadays.

I agree with your general position of opposition to censorship and although I didn't read the Kristol article in the Times, I get the general picture of it. O.K., so Kristol is an idiot. Even worse, he has managed to stay in school for enough years to get all the right pieces of paper that make him an "instant authority." So did Henry Kissinger. And I doubt that either of them knows anything worth talking about. But people like that do get their ideas (?) printed, and they are able to wield a certain amount of power. People who don't have those magic degrees are impressed, and the others who do have them are not about to announce that the Emperor is bareassed, because they go to the same tailor.

Now that we have disposed of all the pseudo-intellectual arguments, there are still a couple of questions I'd like to put to you. First of all, is there anything of creative value in pornography? Does it discover or reveal anything about life, humanity, the world, or is it merely repetitious? Kristol is a hack in his own way for he is not creative in his thought. But, is the pornography you defend any less machine made? Kristol is a poor target for you, because he is too easy to knock down. But, you defend pornography to an extent that I find more than justified by its value to its readers.

Most pornography (and I mean here ordinary, 42nd Street pornography, not Picasso's etchings or Miss Dodson's drawings which I would class as "erotica" rather than pornography) seems to perpetuate the conditions it is said to cure. That is, it seems to increase the loneliness, alienation, lovelessness of its consumers. The "erotica" I will agree, does intensify the viewer's sexuality, and it does this in a context of passion, beauty, even humor that involves the total personality.

"Erotica" works to counteract the insane non-values of this plastic society. Pornography increases our slavery; it accentuates the tastelessness that is created by this oppressive society. The writer of pornography is on the side of the oppressors, while the creator of "erotica" is on the side of the liberators.

After all that, I wish I could offer a nice rule of thumb to separate the pornography from the "erotica" But, of course, I cannot, although I suspect that most of us know the difference when we see it. Maybe I'm just asking for a higher grade of pornography, something that will truly satisfy some of the human as well as sexual needs of the readers. At any rate, whether it is pornography or "erotica," trash or art, there is no justification for censorship.

Sincerely Yours,
Yvonne Groseil
Manhattan

Ed: That's true, most pornography is simpleminded drivel that keeps its users chained to it like a dog to its vomit, perpetuating in them a static sexual dependency on third-rate vicarious stimulation. The question is, wha realistic alternatives do most of these poor bastards have open to them? When you're 45 years old and fat and bald and stupid — when you have not been laid for upwards of 19 years — and the world is full of people like this — then pornography, in the absence of legal marijuana, may well be the only thing that makes life bearable, or at least supportable. In any case, if you give those censors an inch, they'll swallow it right up to the balls: Kristol's TIMES article was cited approvingly a couple of days after its publication by Judge Irving Lang as he sentenced the publishers of SCREW Magazine on their Obscenity conviction. Apparantly Kristol also has prodded a few people into thought.

Dear EVO,

Recently, I had a chance to lay my eyes (for the first time) and feel my way through the west-coast scene at Berkeley. It was just fine. I've met some friendly heads, scored some weird posters and listened to Cat Mother on the campus as well as to Joy of Cooking at the new Pepperland. Altogether the west-coast scene has advantages, and, don't fool yourself, some bad hangups compared to the New York scene.

But, man, nothing drove the advantages home to me more than a pair of happenings I've went through here on my return.

I. One evening as I fooled around the dial, I stopped at WPLJ — the revolutionary hipper than ABC, etc., station — when my ear caught the following rap:

d.j.: tonite, I've got a special guest with me in the studio; the very cab driver who got me here on time. We started to rap in the cab, and I've felt that he is a most unusual cabbie, so I've invited him here for a rap before you.

(at this point a list of ads came in).

d.j.: Well, let's get that rap going. How do you feel about driving a cab in a city like n.y.?

driver: it's fantastic,

d.j.: Why?

C.: Because, as you drive around, you begin to realize that you're part of a wild synergic type of flow, where it doesn't really matter if you get ahead or fall behind, but to be aware of this participation.

d.j.: Wha?

c: Look, man, imagine a bird's eye view of Manhattan. You watch the traffic and a little reflection will tell you that the whole point of that movement is not to get ahead but to be part of it. While you're part of it, and if you do not try to get ahead, you can enjoy its wild activity such as in my case, rapping with you.

d.j.: where are you from? (commercial. . . .commercial .

d.j.: Ok. where were we?

c.: I was trying to explain to you why it can be fantastic to drive a cab from New York. Besides that, I'm from San Francisco.

d.j.: That's very interesting. Tell me more.

c.: Well, for one thing, on the west-coast we have many stations that play lot's of music and very little rap.

d.j.: Oh, yeah! How do they make out for bread.

c.: Look, that's not the point. But, I don't see how you can interrupt some good thoughts with a commercial?

d.j.: well, that's how it is here. In fact I have to do it again.

(over the protest of the cabbie: commercial. . . .crap. . .blah. . .)

c.: This is terrible. Is this why you invited me up here for?

d.j.: You're a strange one. I get you up here for a rap and you are trying to put me down. I don't have to go for that. (At this point the "weirdo" was probably thrown down into his can on the street.)

2. WNEW Commercial: . . .get this man: three-foot carrot. . .blah-blah-. . .joy of cooking. . . ,right at the new Gaslight. . .blah-blah

Wow! Sure I've got to make that. Call Gaslight. "right man. you can get in tonite (tuesday apr. 13). two reservations? right?" I check out the Voice. Gaslight ad says only Cat Stevens. Hmmmm. Go down anyway. Catch the last few bars by Joy. Terrific. Then wait. Finally, get in, Something is wrong. Cat Stevens is first (he is the "name"). plays for 45 minutes. Goodbye all.

What? Where is Joy of Cooking? Frantically looking for someone to get an answer. Nobody is home an usher tells me. Yeah, they must have spread around the globe. Next day I'm trying to call Gaslight figuring I might be able to catch Joy later that day. Can't make Contact with them. So I call WNEW and relate it to Muni. He says: That's weird. How come the audience did not complain? I says: maybe they arent hip to the Joy of Cooking yet. He says: could be. But, if you can't get to the cats at the Gaslight, why didn't you call up Capitol Records. They are the ones responsible for the whole ad.

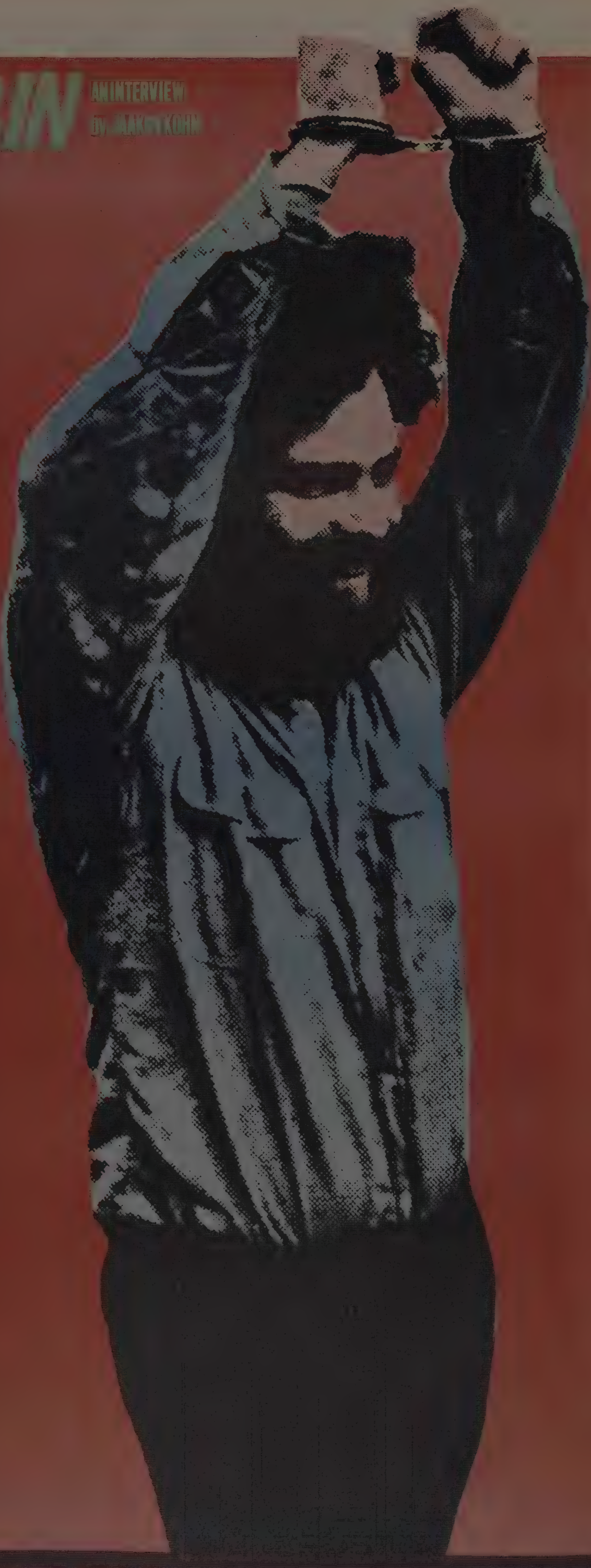
Right. I call capitol. The fool who i doing the promo for Joy says: "Who cares? So you got ripped off." Hangs up.

Moral of I and 1: Beware of "hip" d.j.'s and their ads, because of something goes sour you're left with nothing but a bag of turd to hold.

JERRY RUBIN

AN INTERVIEW

by ABBIE KOHN



EVO: How do you feel about the book?

RUBIN: I just feel really happy. You know, I went through a lot of suffering to put out the book. I worked really hard. I even went and locked myself in a fucking hotel room for three weeks across the street from EVO. (The Albert). I could not relate to anybody during that period. I couldn't see anybody, I was on all kinds of drugs it was just like working around the clock. The book was first written in Cook County Jail.

EVO: The whole book or just the beginning?

RUBIN. I'd say a good three fourths of the book. It poured out of my guts in Cook County Jail. I had nothing to do o. . .that summer. I felt real bad about going to jail, but it turned out serendipity triumphs again. I believe in serendipity. You know, something good comes out of everything, even out of a jail term. A good book came out of it.

EVO. You certainly look happy.

RUBIN: I'm pretty happy. I don't know why, I've got no reason to be. I sort of feel like the title of Richard Farina's book, Been down so long it looks like up to me. What's so great about the book is the layout. And the pictures and that was done by people who just didn't want their names in the book. There's a whole thing in the movement about personality cults, people getting credit for things You know, there's some underground papers that don't give bylines. I think that's really bad. I think we're all individuals and all people. . .but I respect people who do that. I respect them because I can't. I want people to know that what I'm doing I'm doing as myself, and I want them to relate to it But I wasn to say that the people who did the layout are Barney Cohen, Paul Sanberg, Paul Simon and John Grell. And it's just like the most beautifully laid out book that I've ever seen and it just blows my mind. They spent months doing it, they went through thousands of pictures picked the best pictures that represent our way of life and culture and they just put it together in a way that, reading it is like dropping some of Owsley's best acid.

EVO: I think we should give credit to your publisher.

RUBIN: It's hard for a communist to really say anything good about a capitalist but goddamn it, when I met Harper & Row, and ten publishers including my previous publisher of DO IT, turned it down, they said we're gonna publish it, and we'll do it just the way you want it done, and we're gonna only charge $1.95 for it.

EVO: That's John F. Kennedy's publisher.

RUBIN: It's also Lee Harvey Oswald's publisher. I mean they got into the book and they're proud of it just like I'm proud of it. They're gonna make money off it, and that's bad. I think what Abbie did in publishing his own book is more farout than anything else. Maybe we should publish our own books and I think that as publishers go, Harper & Row has got to be given some credit Because they put out color pictures for $1.95 and they're gonna sacrifice profits, and here you look on page two and it says "Dedicated to the Weather underground," and right opposite that it says Harper add Row publishers. I think the most beautiful page in the book is page two, which I hope you'll run. Because the fact of this book is: it's dedicated to the Weather underground. Very important, because I think that people have to really relate to the fact that there are those among us who are living under water and surviving and blowing up the capital in their spare time.

EVO: Well there are two syndromes. There is the Weather underground, I mean we all agree, we're all proud of the Weather Underground, and then there is the other segment that we're just as proud of and they are the exiles. But itseems that at this point, the exiles are really confronted with many, many more problems than the people in the underground.

RUBIN: I think that Eldridge has done a good job of destroying the exile movement. I don't think too many people are going to be too interested in going into exile any more, to get locked up by Eldridge. Umm. . .

EVO: That's a painful one.

RUBIN: It's just sad, it just breaks me up because I really dig Eldridge. I don't know what trip he's on. I mean, I *know* what trip he's on, he's isolated, and isolation really breeds paranoia, and he's totally paranoid and he's freaking out.EVO: It's the choice of targets I question.

RUBIN: Eldridge's politics right now are totally fucked up. It's good that he's advocating armed struggle, and he's Stalanistically throwing thousands of young white kids who fought in the streets and taken LSD out of the movement, and he forgets that the Weather Underground who he respects so much, who are the only group engaged in armed struggle are also into youth culture totally into youth culture. You can't build an army without relating to culture.

EVO: I assume in the book you deal heavily with the trial.

RUBIN: The trial is like a tactic to talk about life. It was you know, a theater about life. It just surpassed the courtroom. It was a battle between good and evil. Every personality, everything happened there, in those five months. I just experienced everything that's ever been experienced in history. That little judicial icebox. So I used the trial as an example to talk about people, some history and life.

EVO: The last time we talked,

(Continued on Page 18)

WE ARE EVERYWHERE

by Jerry Rubin

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After *Do It!* I vowed never to write another book. Writing just takes too much out of me. The creative expression is fun, but the editing and re-editing is a drag. And even though *Do It!* was more than a book it became a political event and myth I don't see myself as a writer or "author."

But in the summer of 1970 I found myself locked up for 60 days in Chicago's Cook County Jail, that medieval dungeon. For the first week I was depressed, thinking of the friends, rock festivals and July 4th smoke-in that I was missing. A friend in jail, high up in the Mafia, kept suggesting to me that I write a book "about this hellhole." I decided to try, and I found that I ended my jail depression by pouring out my soul on paper every day.

I was in jail on a bullshit beef anyway. *It's tough being in jail; it's even tougher if you feel you're getting a raw deal.* I had just been through a five-and-a-half month federal conspiracy trial, been sentenced to five years for inciting to riot and two years contempt of court, and now the state of Illinois was threatening to put me on trial again for the same charges.

Illinois was pushing for a trial and I was worried about being found guilty and getting five years in Joliet, the state pen.

So a "deal" was worked out.

And the manner of the deal shows just how crooked is Amerikan injustice. The judge said he felt I had already been tried by a federal court and as far as he was concerned, the state charges should be dropped. The prosecutor said he personally didn't care much, but his boss did. **"How will it look in the papers if we let 'Jerry Rubin' off easy?"** he asked the judge. He further added that if the judge let me off, the prosecutors would publicly attack him in the press.

This conversation took place out of court and at a closed-door meeting between the judge, prosecutors and my lawyers. *(I had the room tapped.)* They were negotiating my freedom. It was decided to give me just enough time to satisfy the appetite of the prosecutors and keep the press happy—"just enough time so it won't look in the press like we're letting Jerry Rubin off."

I was offered 60 days, the first 30 to be served concurrently with a sentence in Virginia growing out of the 1967 Pentagon demonstration. I felt shitty about it, but I accepted 'cause 60 days is better than five years. So I pleaded guilty and resigned myself to a summer behind bars, happy knowing that I had hurt and would continue to hurt the USA government more than they could ever hurt me.

Most of this book, then, is a journal that I wrote in longhand on loose-leaf notebook paper every day in Cook County Jail. I'd wake up every morning at 4:30 A.M. along with the prisoners getting up for court call. I'd drink a cup of coffee and work myself into a writing stupor.

It was hard writing without grass, but I discovered that the stark barrenness of the jail environment produced a different kind of creative high. And often we also got grass and other psychedelics smuggled in.

I had to work early because later in the day the noise on the tier was so loud I couldn't hear myself think. I worked while everyone else was sleeping, hoping the guy two cells down would stop snoring and the guy five cells down would turn down his radio.

For seven hours until noon I just poured out my insides until my fingers hurt like hell, my mind felt like a block of wood, my body was exhausted and I was ready to spend the rest of the day and night rapping, getting strength from the example of the other prisoners and just walking the tier.

I was scared to death that a guard might rip off my notebook so I hid it under my mattress when I wasn't in the cell. I took it with me to meals and walks in the yard and I lied to the guards as to what I was doing.

Guards told me that if I was writing a book it would be taken away from me and burned when I was being discharged from the jail. *"You might be writing about how to escape from the jail and if it's published, guards could be killed and you'd be responsible. We couldn't let you take any written material out of here."*

So every week my lawyer came to see me and I tore out the pages I had written, hid them inside legal briefs and papers and held my breath as I was searched by guards on my way to a lawyer's conference. Whew! Made it! Then I'd exchange my legal papers with the journal inside, for other similar legal papers.

INTERSTATE FLIGHT - MOB ACTION; RIOT; CONSPIRACY
WANTED BY FBI
BERNARDINE RAE DOHRN
DESCRIPTION
CAUTION
IF YOU HAVE INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PERSON, PLEASE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL FBI OFFICE.
Federal Bureau of Investigation

That's how I smuggled the book out of Cook County Jail.

When I got out of jail I had 120 pages of scrawled handwriting, about 100,000 words, spontaneous, stream-of-consciousness. I didn't censor myself. If I thought it, I wrote it down. The writing was all over the place, right out of my gut.

It concerned hundreds of subjects, including three recent jail experiences: I began to serve 30 days in Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center near Berkeley before the Conspiracy Trial started, then was moved across the country by federal marshals who wore miniature handcuffs as tie clasps, finished the 30 days in Cook County.

After the Conspiracy Trial I was in CCJ for two weeks until we got appeal bond. Then the summer 60-day sentence in Alexandria County Jail, Petersburg Reformatory in Virginia and Cooked County Jail.

After I got the writing all typed, I read it and dug it. But I felt it needed a lot of editing. I edited and re-edited and re-re-edited and re-re-re-edited.

Like everyone else I am going through a 1000 personal and political changes these days, and it was hard getting my ideas in final form. I read the book in its edited form and didn't like it. I put it aside, decided to kill the book, forget the whole fucking thing.

Finally, encouraged by friends, I went back to my original spontaneous journal and decided that it was better than all my editing. I learned a big lesson: trust your spontaneity.

Stew Albert worked for a week editing out repetitions and this book is that original journal, in its rough form, virtually as written every day in a Cook County cell. Parts have been added to bring the book up to date with my current ideas and some minimal editing has been done.

This book has become a collective project by people who like each other. Nguyen Ai Quoc Intercommunal Shitworkers Local 110 has done the layout. Almost all the photographs inside are by movement photographers from all over the country, and Nguyen Ai Quoc Intercommunal Shitworkers Local 110 went through 4,000 pictures to choose those which best reflect who we are.

Hundreds of people have contributed to the book in one way or another. I want to thank Stew, Beverlie Kane, Bill Schaap, David Fenton, Fran McCullough, Alan Katzman, Tom Miller, Judy Gumbo, Linda Evans, Bonnie, Jon, Paul, Maisie McAdoo, Tasha Simon, Doris Morgan, Sally Clark, Arthur Kinoy, Bobby Seale, Sharon Krebs, Lee Weiner, Nancy Kurshan. They are not responsible for all the nonsense in here, but they helped me get myself together, discussing style, politics and where all our heads are at.

We've tried to give as much of the work as possible to growing revolutionary collectives. For example, O.B.U. Typesetters, with the help of the Liberated Guardian, set the book in type. Soon we will publish and distribute books ourselves and won't need rip-off capitalist publishers.

STEAL THIS BOOK!

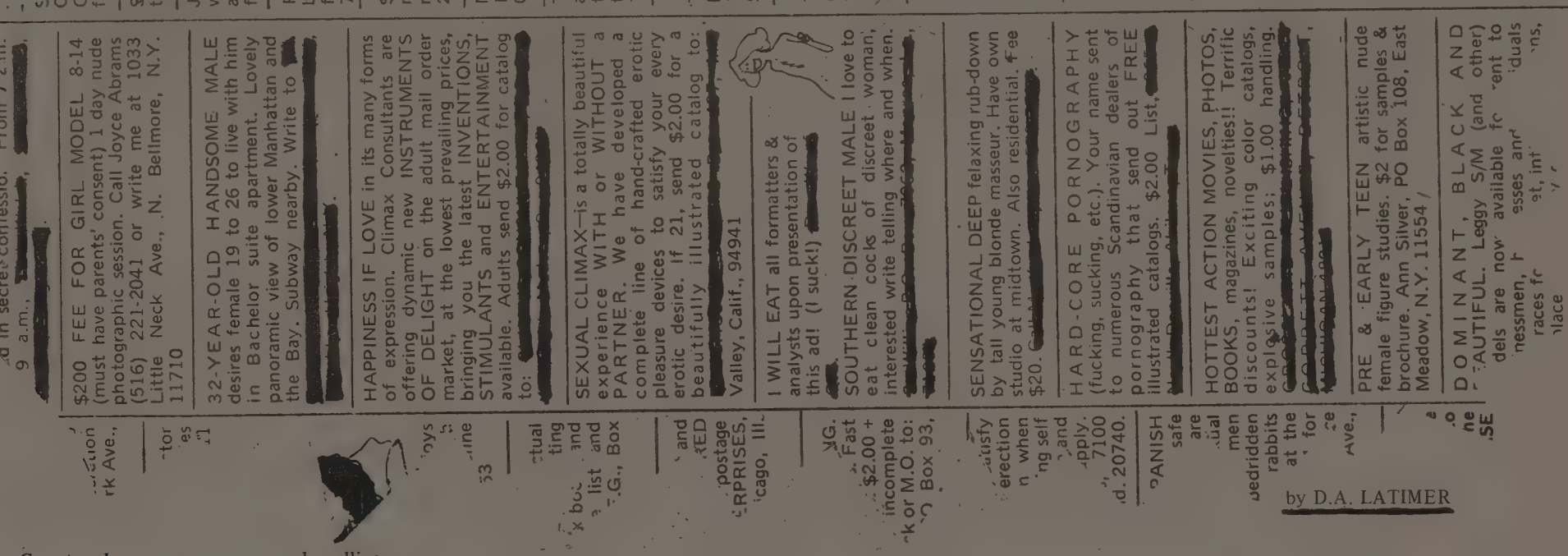
Writing is a poor substitute for person-to-person communication. I wish I could meet each of you personally. In *Do It!* I asked for letters and I received, and still receive, thousands of letters.

Beautiful letters. Incredible letters. I read each of them, but I find that if I try to answer them, I will be doing nothing else. The letters come from

(Continued on Page 17)

DECOMPOSITION

Details are still rather sketchy as this story goes to the typesetter this Wednesday, but Al Goldstein, editor of SCREW magazine, managed today between consultations with his various attornies to fill us in on the details of his latest smut bust. It seems Goldstein is presently facing trial for 51 new criminal counts, ranging from obscenity to corrupting the morals of a minor, and if convicted he could face a possible 109 years in jail. According to early television news coverage, the magazine SCREW has been implicated in the workings of a Long Island smut ring of 'almost incredible depravity,' to quote the slightly hysterical Channel 7 newsmen; and the public prosecutor of Nassau



by D.A. LATIMER

County has gone on record calling SCREW 'the watering trough of depraved persons across the nation.'

Briefly, the facts are these: for some time now, SCREW has been regularly running a one-inch ad in its classified section which reads, 'Preteen Girls Needed for Moddling,' and specifies a Long Island address. Now, it seems that US postal inspectors have been investigating mail emanating from that address, and some weeks ago discovered it to include photographs of girl children engaged in sexual relations with adults. These shots, according to the authorities, included such pictures as that of a 3½ year-old girl being held by her mother as her father sodomised her; and of a seven-year old girl having been brought by her parents to the Long Island studio on at least three different occasions, when photographs were allegedly taken of her engaged in sex acts with her father.

On Tuesday last week, the cops busted Eugene Abrams and his wife Joyce, who are alleged to have operated the mail-order business themselves, from their home studio in North Bellmore Long Island. Also busted were Louis and Christina Kahn, of Copiague, whose 7-year-old daughter was allegedly identified from among the photographs confiscated on the Abrams premises. Abrams, who works for the U.S. military as a designer – among other things, he holds the patent on the Sidewinder missile – was held in lieu of $100.000 bond, and his wife was held for $50,000.

Goldstein was first informed of his arrest on Tuesday morning, when the Long Island police called him and gave him 24 hours to surrender himself on a warrant issued that morning. SCREW co-publisher Jim Buckley was unaware of the warrant for his own arrest having flown to Europe the night previously. First reports indicated that Goldstein himself would be held in $50,000 bail, but he was released on his own recognizance Wednesday afternoon, after being booked at the Mineola County Jail.

The 51 counts levied against Goldstein represent two counts of obscenity, two counts of second-degree sexual abuse, and 45 counts of endangering the welfare of a

It is speculated that the legal basis for this movement against SCREW derives out of the recent decision against that paper handed down in Manhattan court, wherein it was held that SCREW magazine was obscene because it published personal ads from homosexuals seeking to commit the blue-law crime of sodomy; that is, the Long Island DA apparently feels that since SCREW published Abrams' ad, its publisher can be prosecuted for aiding and abetting in child molestation.

However, a look at the wording of these advertisements – which are reprinted on this page as thappeared in SCREW – clearly shows that they offer no indication of child molestation; nowhere do they specify more than nude modeling, which is legal at any age, providing the photographer has the written consent of the parents of the child involved. The Abrams ad was merely one among the hundreds of one-inch personal and classified ads that are published each week in the 'Baubles & Balls' section of SCREW magazine. The paper is not legally obliged to check out the legality of its advertisers, and no one at SCREW could be expected to know whether the 'pre-teen models' were to be employed in fashion photography, film-making or any other field.

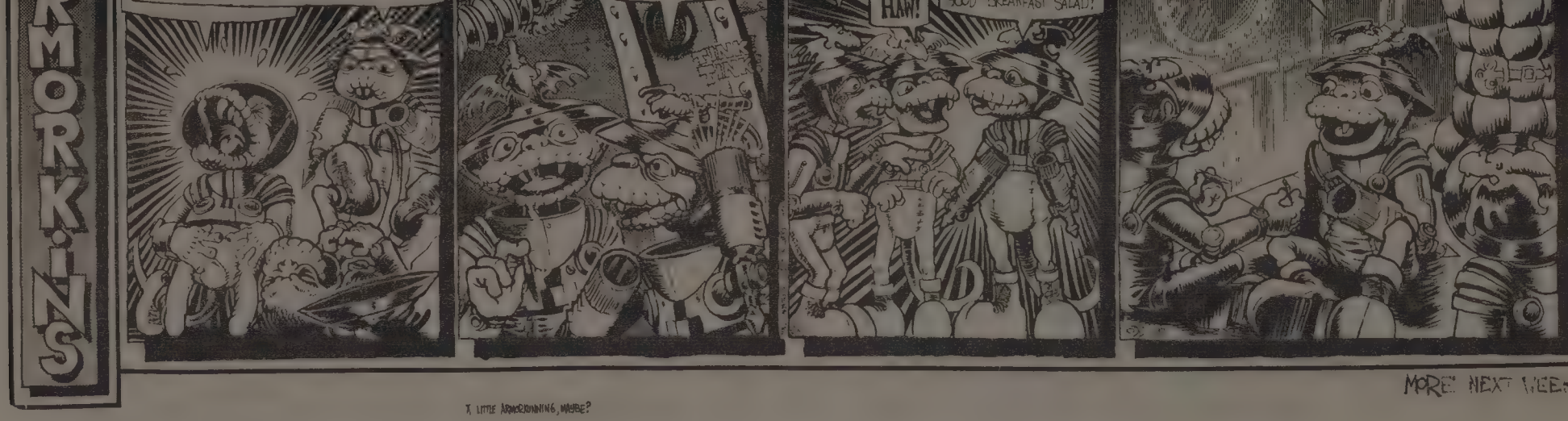
Insofar as SCREW magazine is concerned, its attornies are confident of voiding these charges at an early date, on clear and unmistakable grounds of *scienter*, or lack of knowledge. Spokesmen for the paper speculate that this bust came down merely because the Nassau County Authorities - who, like authorities everywhere have no great love for a leftist sex magazine – saw an opportunity to drag SCREW through some colossal depth of mire, and leapt at it. Certainly the repeated mention of SCREW in the early news reports tended to insinuate that the magazine was deeply and knowledgeably involved in this child-sex racket; and the appearance of Goldstein on the screen, unnecessarily handcuffed and surrounded by police, portrayed him in exactly the same light as the persons who were actually involved in the molestation of infants.

As soon as these reports came out - and reports in the POST and the NEWS gave the addresses of both Goldstein and SCREW's offices – hate calls began registering on the SCREW telephone; Screw staffers, who are already accustomed to three or four bomb threats a month, are digging in for the long haul.

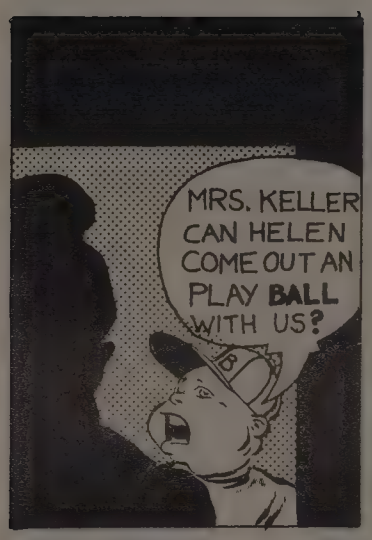
'This is the best thing they've ever managed to discredit us with,' said Goldstein, who points out that the Nassau D.A. made every effort in his power to assure that the news media gave the entire arrest proceedings grandstand coverage. 'It wouldn't be so bad,' remarks Goldstein, "if those people weren't so damn *slimy*. . ."

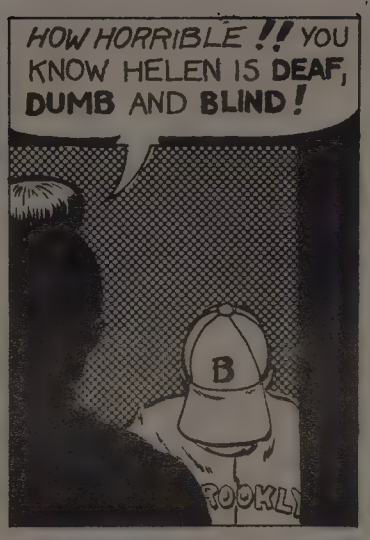
MORAL

People are fucking animals. And Nassau District Attorney Cahn is one of the worst.


ARMORKINS
CHRIST, MY ADRENALS!
OH, MY ULCERS!
OH... SORRY, GANG! DIDN'T MEAN T'SCARE YA!
WOW, MAN, HOW'D YOU FIND US?
DON'T FERGIT YER ARMORKARS ARE STILL ACTIVE... I KIN FIND YA.
HOW INNA HELL'D YOU GET AWAY?
HAW!
OH, I LET THE HAM AN' EGGS CHASE ME 2 WAYS AN' THEN I EMPTIED A GARBAGE TRUCK ON 'EM! GOOD BREAKFAST SALAD!
ANYWAY.... I CIRCLED BACK TO SEE TO THE ARMORKAR AN' THEY GOT 200 GUARDS AROUND IT... AND NOW I GUESS IT'S LOCKED! GIMME TOKE?
MORE NEXT WEEK
A LITTLE ARMORRUNNING, MAYBE?

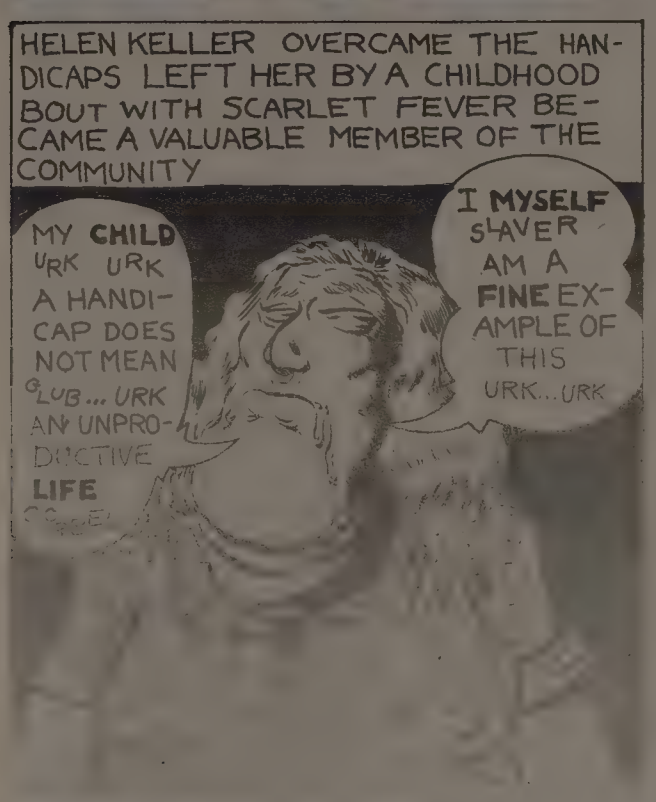
אל תינו פסח

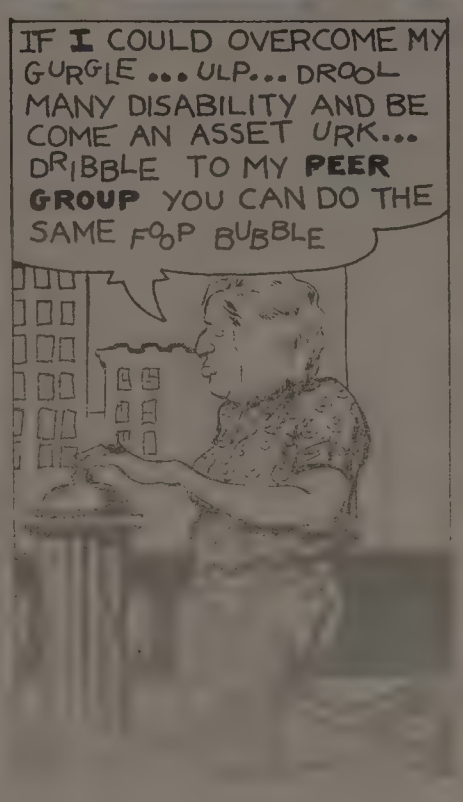


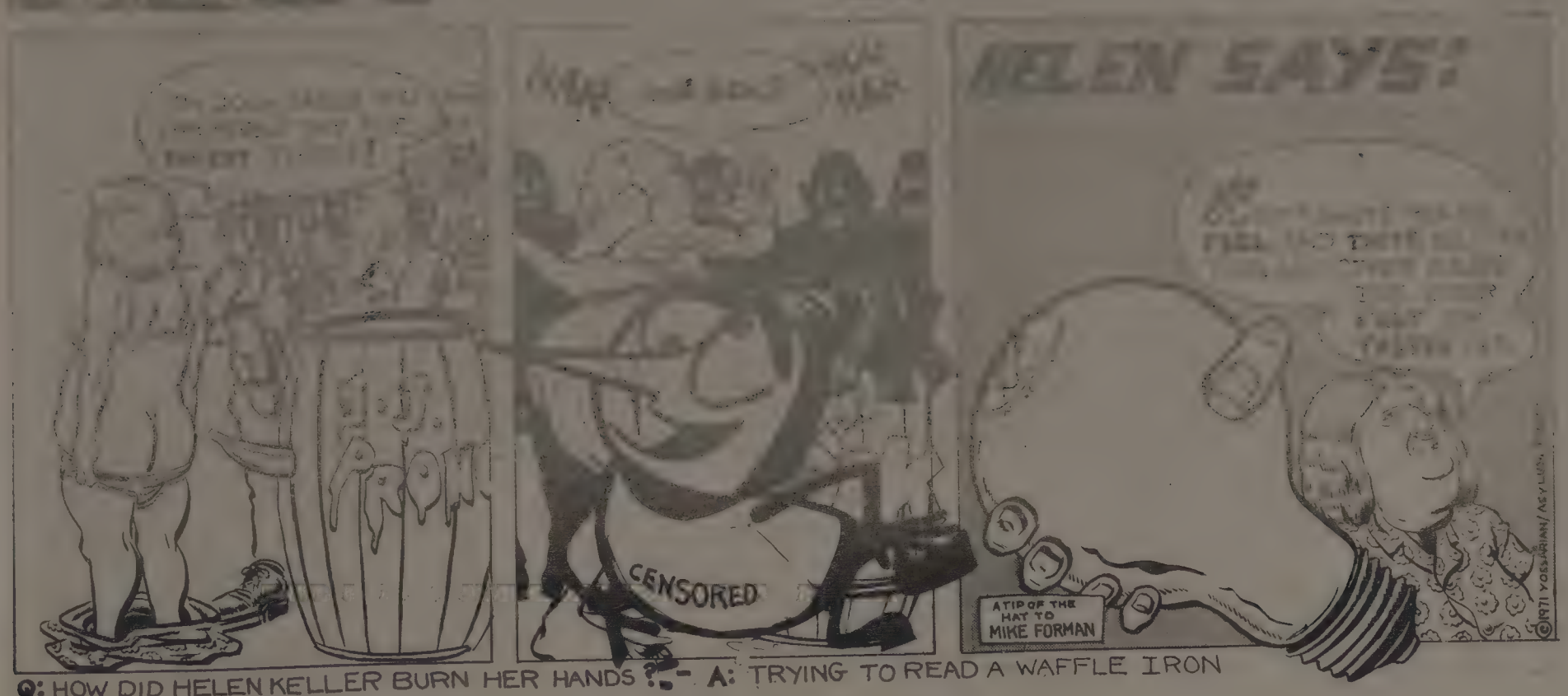


THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF HELEN KELLER

YOSSARIAN


HELEN KELLER OVERCAME THE HANDICAPS LEFT HER BY A CHILDHOOD BOUT WITH SCARLET FEVER BECAME A VALUABLE MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY
MY **CHILD** URK URK A HANDICAP DOES NOT MEAN GLUB... URK AN UNPRODUCTIVE **LIFE**
I **MYSELF** SLAVER AM A **FINE** EXAMPLE OF THIS URK...URK


IF **I** COULD OVERCOME MY GURGLE ... ULP... DROOL MANY DISABILITY AND BE COME AN ASSET URK... DRIBBLE TO MY **PEER GROUP** YOU CAN DO THE SAME FOOP BUBBLE



Q: HOW DID HELEN KELLER BURN HER HANDS ?!- A: TRYING TO READ A WAFFLE IRON

REVIEW

Maybe Doug Kershaw thinks he's too big a star to play to any less of a house than the Fillmore Seats. Maybe he's got personal problems like his big toe pains him or personnel problems like his group hassles him. Or perhaps he's whacked out these days on some sort of chemical substance. Whatever the reason, it was still no excuse for the shitty performance Kershaw gave his first night at the Bitter End. Didn't play more than four or five unimpressive numbers all the way thru and the rest he'd interrupt mid-song for unfunny jokes that nobody got. His manner was irritatingly supercilious, giving the Kershaw freaks in attendance a let-down that bordered on theft.

On the other hand, it was refreshing to speak with such a totally unassuming musician/songwriter as Tom Rapp, the motivating mind behind PEARLS BEFORE SWINE. Never having really appeared extensively in person since they began around 1966, Rapp and the group are now on tour of colleges and small clubs. In a friend's pad over on east seventh street, Rapp rapped to me about the early Pearls Before Swine ("One guy is a meter reader now for the Florida Power Company, another joined the navy band playing oboe, the third went out to California and did a lot of dope..."). With new personnel, the Pearls have been showing up around the country since February at places like the Troubadour on the west coast, Syracuse up north and recently, the old Gaslight on MacDougal St. Rapp, who wrote all the material, is surprised at the sort of enthusiastic reactions he's been getting from audiences. "I always had this fear of performing, y'know, but I got on that stage and...being on stage is like real to me now, real life, while everything else is like video tape...I live to go on stage now." Rapp is somewhat amazed, in a happy way, that people really pick up on and follow what he writes, songs like "another Time," and "Uncle John:" "They come up to me and ask me what did I mean in my songs and I don't know. They just sort of come to me. And they ask me questions about life, like I have the answer or something and, y'know, I don't keep a tight ontological ship." Rapp is exceedingly humble about what he does and sayd that Pearls Before Swine fans are probably the quiet people who don't go out much and just sit around thinking, reading..."people like me," he smiles. The sort of groupies he gets are girls that hand him little hand-made glass swans after his show and disappear. Rapp is a great admirer of Leonard Cohen and describes himself as a "love junkie." A beautiful guy, the new Pearls before Swine album is called "City of Gold" on Warner-Reprise.

Another beautiful guy is KEITH SYKES. This Shakespeare of Hitchhikin' can pick a tune, write a song, sing, crack a joke, tip a bottle back and smile all the way from MacDougal Street to Memphis. Keith played a rare set last week at the Washington Square Peace Church for WBAI benefit. Sykes, with an album on Vanguard, is someone to really listen to and watch for.

One of the best improvisation groups around, in fact, the best I've ever seen, is THE PROPOSITION. Two women and three men put on a fast, funny and very hip series of off-the-cuff spoofs, satires and line-on-line absurdities. They ask the audience for, say, a male occupation, a female occupation and an unrelated object. From the suggestions shouted out they choose a) a pizza-maker, b)an airline stewardess, and c) a bowling ball. From these unlikely ingredients the cast cooks up a broadway musical about a Sicilian pizza-maker who invents a bowling=ball shaped pizza and tries, with the help of his love (the stewardess of course) to import it to the U.S. If that sounds crazy, you don't know the half of it. But the best thing about The Proposition is that all five people are immensely talented actors, singers, dancers, performers. When they sing, it's damn good singing (even if the song is an incredible spoof), and the same goes for everything else they do. The Proposition is, simply, To Laugh. You will. Catch them now at the Gramercy Arts Theatre and soon at the Mercer Street Playhouse.

The Whiteny Museum will feature an exhibition of works by ANDY WARHOL, the man who taught us the meaning of meaninglessness. Beginning May lst, the show will center on the soup cans, the Brillo boxes, the portraits, "The Disasters," and the flowers.

Speaking of museums and art shows (to speak only of museums and art shows), the Guggenheim Museum seems to have shafted artist HANS HAACKE for what appears to be political reasons, according to material sent to us by the artist himself. Haacke's work, which I have seen, deals with what he calls "real-time systems," and has direct concern for social situations. Photographs, for instance, of the facades of large real estate buildings, including slum propoerties, with documentary information collected from the records of the County Clerk's office. This sort of thing was objected to by Thomas Messer, Director of the Guggenheim – "muckraking," he labled it, and despite Haacke's offer to modify his works, Messer canceled the exhibition. A protest and boycott of the Guggenheim, I should think, would be in order."

BOOKS: For anyone who either beat the draft or wonders what he missed or suffered throught the military and feels nostalgic, THE MARINE MACHINE by William Mares (Doubleday) give you graphic reason to wipe out both feelings. Mares is a photographer whose camera followed the entire process of "boot camp" on Parris Island, and from beginning to end, the sharp photos capture brilliantly the dehumanization of human beings for war.

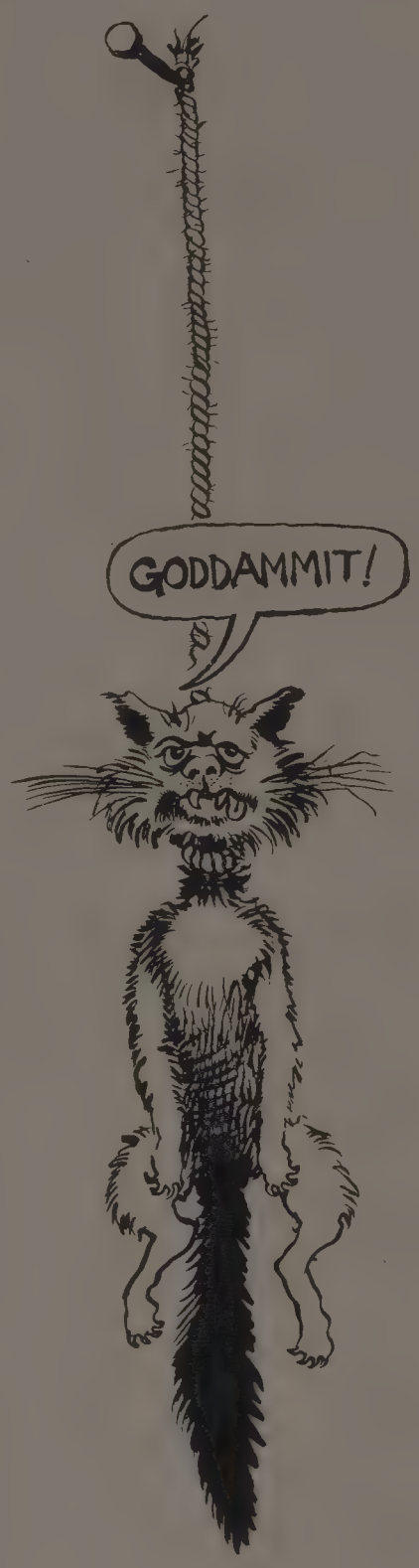
"You may be one of those whose private life was secretly recorded in the spring of 1970." So reads the front cover of Vivian Tyson's uniquely spaced book, SPACE REPORTS (Express Press). Extra-terrestial beings, far suprior to our own puny human selves, follow (nay, *become!)* a general, his trippy daughter, the general's black chauffer and a porter, objectively reporting the experience. The result is a strange, tripped-out, often funny little book, which tho I don't quite grasp it (even after speaking with Miss Tyson herself), cannot be lightly dismissed.

CHARLIE MINGUS has written an incredible book, soon to be released, which I'll go into next week.

Abbie Hoffman threw a little party at Max's Kansas City for his latest hit album-in-linear-form, STEAL THIS BOOK, and everybody got hit smack in the kisser with David Peel and his Lower East Side gang. It was a "heavy scene" (as one member of the U.S. ping pong team described China). People swilling sangria and scarfing chile and chicken wings, the rag-tag band beating music out of drums guitars and cowbells and smashing the shit out of cymbals Hoffman reported afterwards that many books were stolen.

Speaking of DAVID PEEL (to speak only of Mr. Peel), the man and his myth can be listened to and danced to regularly every sunny weekend in Washington Square Park. Which is a great scene these fine spring days, what with the new environmental arrangement and all. In every corner of the circle which is central to the park (this circle does have corners, believe it or not) a different show goes on spontaneously, like a real festival al fresco. In one corner I listened to a man play accordion accompaniment to a girl with a beautiful operatic voice. In the next corner was a bunch of fine blue-grass pickers, mandolin (my friend Grant) and a banjo and guitar. In the next I came across an old folks sing-along, with white haired gents and ladies bellowing "Baby Face," and "Shine on Harvest Moon,"; Further on was a sensitive-looking invidual doing a passable James Taylor imitation. Still further on (and out!) was a wild-eyed woman preaching that ol' time religion and come-to-Jesus-you-young sinners stuff. And finally there was the unfailing David Peel who at one point presented the inimitable A.J. WEBERMAN to the crowd and allowed the Dylanologist a musical intro and time for a short speech on his favorite subject: Dylan (what else!).

And what else indeed, except, SEE YA IN D.C' MAY FIRST, GANG!



NATURAL FOODS AND POLITICS

EAT IT RAW

* * *

by Rosalind Sedacca

After four months of thigh-high snow in the sourrounding woods and fields at long last it's spring. There are dozens of little vegetable seedlings growing in pots along every window sill in the house - each one awaiting his appointed day (derived at by garden calendars, almanacs and mystic communication with nature) for outdoor transplanting. And I'm sitting on the porch trying to decide just where to begin this column on natural foods – an undertaking about as simple as deciding where to begin a dissertation on the war in Southeast Asia. And almost as controversial.

There are many different ways to approach natural foods, depending on who you are and where you live. Between the little old lady hypochondriac "health nuts" the yin and yang brown rice freaks and the Friday night Paradox Teenybopper set, lies untold hundreds of enthusiasts all at different stages of nutritional and political awareness.

Political awareness, as I see it, is a significant factor in any discussion of natural foods because there would be no need for a natural foods movement if it weren't for the cooperation, dedication and perseverence of some very political entities. What I call the Big Three.

Number one is the American food industry as a whole – a group of dozens upon dozens of companies more concerned with taste than nutrition, shelflife than quality, appearance than ingredients and profit than value Each year the gians among these companies spend millions of dollars in advertising revenue to convince the American public that such ingenious test-tube creations as imitation orange juice or sour cream taste as good as the real thing regardless of

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WE ARE EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 13)

beautiful young people in high schools, colleges, freak communities, small towns, the army, Vietnam, suburban prisons, mental hospitals, jails. They reveal the breakdown of Amerika. Letters from young people of the ruling and working class.

These letters are so mind-blowing that Maisie McAdoo and Stew Albert have put them together in a book, titled *You*, which will be published shortly and which will blow you away.

I'd like to hear from you about *We Are Everywhere*. If you want to write me, write me care of my close friend and lawyer and I'll get it and try to answer it. My mail address is: Jerry Rubin, c/o Bill Schaap, 103 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

I especially want to thank undercover pig Bob Pierson and Warden Winston Moore of Cook County Jail for taking me away from my daily life with its business and hullabaloo and provoding me with free room and board so I could write this book.

The money the publishers will pay me for this book will be used to destroy Cook County Jail and every other jail and penitentiary in Amerika.

STATEMENT TO MY ATTORNEY,
RONALD J. CLARK

Saturday, July 4

One thing I learned in jail: You dream a lot! My mind becomes a series of Hollywood movies in technicolor and stereophonic sound with all my friends taking different roles.

You go to sleep wondering what world you will enter at night:

Love?

Violence?

War?

Dreams are great fun. Like going to a movie of your own unconscious. In jail your daily fantasies are reduced to walls and steel bars. At night you go to sleep and your unconscious is freed.

The reason jail is so bad is simple: the state is forcing you to plead guilty.

Dig the procedure of going to court from Cook County Jail.

You are rudely awakened at 4:30 A.M. Your cell is clanged open and a guard orders you to get the fuck up. You get up and stand on your tier until 6–6:30 when you are marched down a hallway and packed into a small room to wait there until 8 A.M. By 8 you have been up three and a half hours and then you are marched by number down a hallway and into another room where you wait until 10.

"Going to court is so shitty, man, you want to plead guilty just to get it over with!"

Packed like wild animals.

Ordered to move.

Strip.

Spread your cheeks.

In August, 1968, a guard stuck a rubber hose up your ass to see if you were hiding anything in there, a practice since outlawed.

The screaming and talking is so loud you can hardly keep your brains together. Then boom! You are pushed under armed guard into court, part of the savage machine of justice, a band around your wrist to remind you you're a prisoner, and you got to handle procedures you never understand, fast-talking lawyers, and a judge who has absolute power over your life.

You have died a full day already before going to court, and what you have to look forward to is standing in corridors and rooms a couple more hours before getting back to the freedom of your jail cell.

It must be hideous irony when getting back from court to your jail cell represents freedom!

For us as a generation the courtroom and jails may be becoming more important than the universities.

We are outlaws, enemies of the state. Our enemy owns the police, the courts, the jails. We are no freer than the poorest black woman or man in the darkest jail.

The purpose of jail is to force the prisoner to plead guilty to lighten the court load so judges can go home to the suburbs—and even worse, it is to break the weaker prisoners so they snitch on one another. Make a jail so bad that prisoners will do anything to get out, including testify against rap partners or allies. Be a stool pigeon in the Amerikan way, save yourself and send others to jail.

What happens when you arrest five for murder, all facing the electric chair or life in prison, and then go to one and say: "Testify against the others and you will walk"?

Life in prison or freedom for a song!

Sleep tonite at the Hilton or jail.

We were sitting in the lock-up waiting for the marshals to chaperone us to court. Prisoners were exchanging their tales of despair. I said, "The 'G' can't get us to testify against each other 'cause we are a political movement." Ten eyes were on me as if I'd uttered a naive silly statement. Hah! Hah!

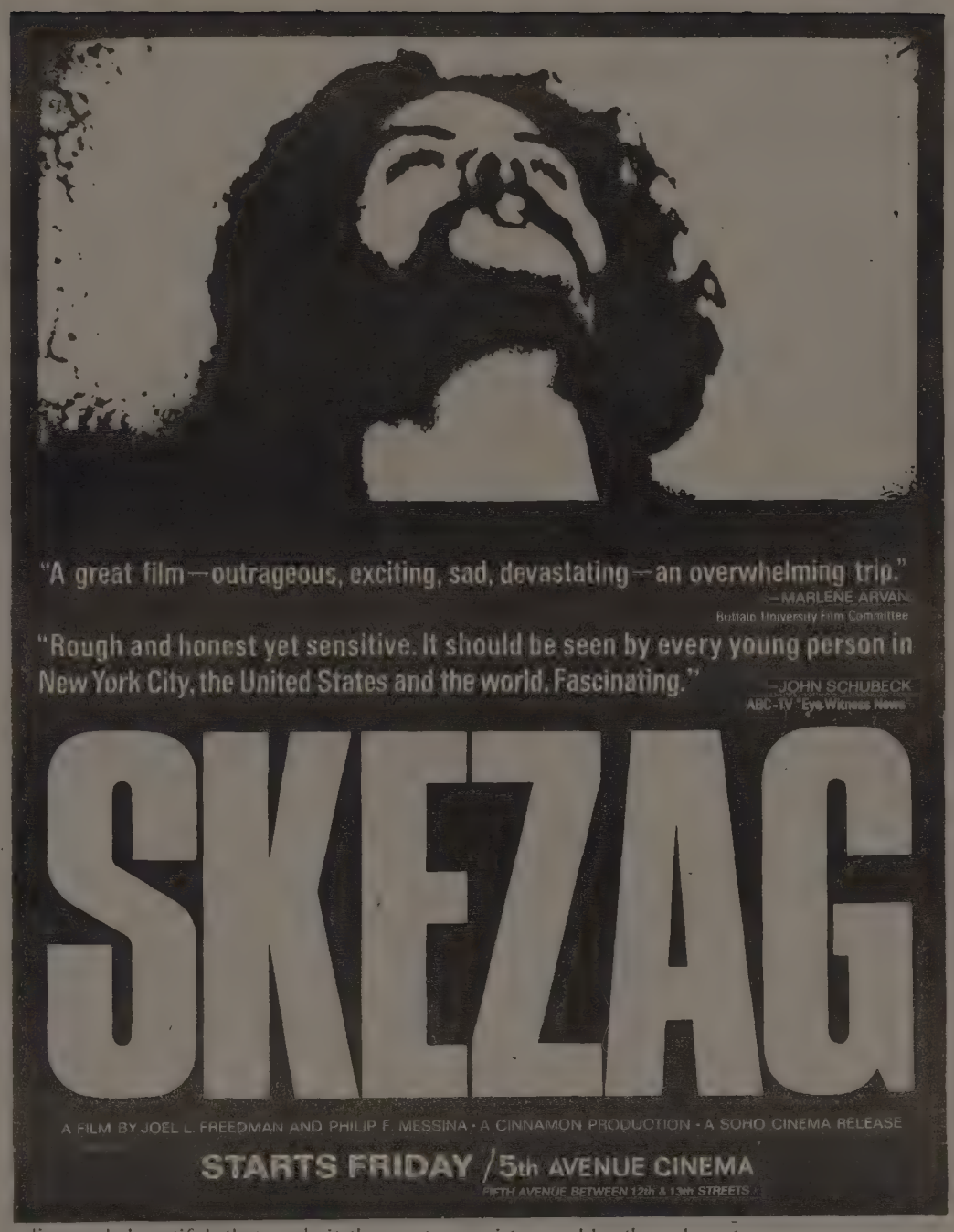
"You know who turned this guy in? *His wife!*" "My rap partner turned me in!" "My brother!" Bobby Seale and I looked at each other.

"Do you have any unindicted co-defendants?" We had 18 but I *knew* none of them were going to testify for the enemy. "Is Stew Albert going to testify for the government?"

"If Stew testifies for the government, I think I'd quit the movement," said Bobby Seale, with that eyebrows-raised smile of his.

To those who see Panthers as racists, here was Seale saying he'd quit if blond, blue-eyed Stew Albert was a pig. Here was Bobby Seale, being framed to the electric chair. Offering his faith in revolutionary solidarity. Most of the prisoners are so burned by experience that they trust no one. NO ONE. And that is jailhouse wisdom—you must trust no one, not even your sister or brother. Living in a world of constant fear and mistrust can eat your heart out and cut off your life-giving oxygen. The world becomes dark. Our movement must never be overcome by the death of distrust. Jail takes life out of you by adapting you to a world of fearing everyone.

Bobby Seale had reason to fear and distrust. Yet by our statement and smiles we knew there was something special about the movement, something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"Rough and honest yet sensitive. It should be seen by every young person in New York City, the United States and the world. Fascinating."
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FIFTH AVENUE BETWEEN 12th & 13th STREETS

alive, real, beautiful, that made it the most: our sisters and brothers do not testify against each other to save their own individual skins.

Most dramatic moment in the trial comes when it's their turn to call their next witness. Our eyes are focused on the back room. Who will it be? Cabbage, the Justice Department lackey, goes back to get the witness. Will it be *our best friend? We hope for some surprises, just to make the trial interesting.* "C'mon Schultz, make it somebody interesting," I'd whisper to him.

The brown panel doors swung open.

Another cop. One copper after another, one FBI agent after another.

The FBI visited everyone barely connected with the Chicago convention demonstrations.

They went to people who had dropped out of active yippies and asked them to testify—went to parents, sisters, lovers, brothers—and came up with no one. They had no one from *our* side to testify for *them*.

The government's case was a B cops-and-demonstrators movie, but it was a better movie than our case. Accusing us of throwing rocks and bags of shit and marching down the street yelling "The streets belong to the people" is a better movie than saying we did not throw rocks or bags of shit.

The government was expressing our fantasies in their case.

I wish we had done what they said we did. Our myths were on trial.

Each defendant had a myth which was on trial—and collectively we stood for the rebellion of young people.

The trial became an international theatrical drama and its characters symbolic figures. The courtroom was full of caricatures, comic book characters. TV made the trial a worldwide soap opera, every night another chapter, kids versus parents, students versus teachers, prisoners versus the court system. Everyone had someone to identify with. It was impossible to be neutral.

Federal marshals in the courthouse used to quietly pull us aside and whisper into our ears, *"Will you autograph this so I can give it to my kid?"*

The lines of young people waiting to get into the circus began in the freezing cold at 3 A.M. outside the Federal Building. Kids waited seven hours to get in.

Taxi driver after taxi driver found out who we were and threw up the money changer saying, "This ride's on me. I'm with you guys. You're getting a raw deal. Some crazy judge you got, huh?"

People would often see us in restaurants and buy our meals for us and we got 1,001 invitations to dinners at homes.

We were the only people not searched as we came to court every day in the heavily guarded and armed Federal Building.

When we got to jail we were "The Chicago 7," like a bunch of foxy bank robbers who upstaged the pigs.

We were conquering heroes to the prisoners. "You guys did it!" We attacked the court system which had churned them up like meat in a sausage machine. We found so many prisoners who had been put behind bars by Hoffman or Schultz. Interracial humanhood, revolutionary black-white unity, is possible when middle-class whites join black people as enemies of the state, behind bars or as fugitives.

Maurie, the check forger, said to me the other day, "You really can't put in words what happens to a person's mind in jail." The mind flattens, deadens, you become a vegetable. You are oppressed not by brutality, but by boredom. Without stimulation your nerve ends wither.

(Continued on Page 20)

Rubin Interview

(Continued from Page 12)

right after the trial, the thing that struck me was the ridiculous phenomenon that you told me you missed Julious.

RUBIN: I still do.

EVO: You still miss Julious? A year later?

RUBIN: I really do. Becauee, like, I couldn't live my life without Julious telling me what to do. Everybody needs a good enemy. He's the most incredible actor and yippie that I've ever seen. He's absolutely brilliant. He's high theater, and sitting there for five months and watching him you just never get bored And, he's unforgetable. I miss relating to him. I also miss our whole attempt to destroy him. I better correct that; our contempts are coming up. Destroy him in the symbolic sense. Destroying his authority which was illigitimate at the beginning.

EVO: A year after the trial does the thought ever occur to you that perhaps it was in vain? All the trouble it has brought upon you?

RUBIN: It's brought a lot of ill, I'll surely say that, but I never, never considered for a minute giving up. I think the trial contributed to the breakup of my relationship with Nancy. The trial made me kind of like a media figure which then enabled all the people who are against "personalities" are against "leaders" a symbol to attack, and also may give me five years in jail or two years in jail, so there are negative sides. But despite all of that, it was just so much damned fun. And it was also so historically significant, such a victory, and that's what's important. Whether we go to jail or not, the conspiracy trial was a victory over the government. It destroyed the American judicial system, it set the stage for the revolution in many areas. You can't separate the fact that the Weather People went underground as a face of the Conspiracy Trial. It totally exposed the judicial system. It's a great historical event, and we'd want to do it again and again and again.

EVO: You look very happy now Jerry.

RUBIN: I'm happy because I'm just coming to the realization that I'm not going to be in another conspiracy trial so I just better enjoy what I'm doing. That's the problem when you do something interesting and fantastic you end up living in the past cause you keep on trying to repeat exciting events. It's like the passion for excitement which is kind of a yippie occupational hazzard. The passion for excitement you keep on wanting to do more exciting things. And I came to the realization a few months ago that if I keep on doing that I'll end up either in jail or dead. And so, I just sort of decided to hold back and realize that I'm just a small cog in the world. I'm just enjoying my life now. I'm into organic foods, into zen, I may even get into yoga. I'm living in California now.

EVO: Are you involved actively politically?

RUBIN: Not right now, because I don't know anything to get involved in. I just came from the Yippie convention. I'm involved in that. And I'm going to the May demonstrations. . .there's like mass confusion right now over what to do, and like everyone else I'm trying to figure it out. But as soon as I figure it out I'm going to do it.

EVO: Do you still go to colleges?

RUBIN: No, I'm not interested any more in speaking. I'm just interested in living

EVO: Any more books?

RUBIN: I don't think I'm ever going to write another book.

EVO: But you enjoyed writing this one.

RUBIN: Well this book and DO IT are more than books they're sections of things I've lived. So after I've lived a few more years I may write another book but I've got nothing to say right now.

EVO: That's very good to hear. Talking about the movement: there is confusion, there is apathy and unfortunately I see some pretty negative manifestations resulting from inaction.

RUBIN: We spend more time attacking one another these days than we do attacking the pigs. The frustration is so great it's totally turned inward. And everyone is attacking everyone else who has the slightest deviation from the correct line. And now you even have a correct line of culture. What movies are good, what books are good, don't read that underground paper because it's this or that, it's like a cultural commissar and if you veer from the opinion of the movement you're ostracized, and people are gossping about one another, it's a terrible atmosphere within the movement and it comes out of our own frustration. I just hope it's temporary.

EVO: Do you have any ideas on how to relate to the virus?

RUBIN: I think everyone should try just as hard as they can to be loving to their sisters and brothers. I think that it's complicated becasue a lot of it is justified in a sense, like this reaction of women to being oppressed, and that's justified but I think that it's important that men who are going through changes be given a chance to go through those changes, and not just be totally attacked all the time for mistakes they made a few years ago. You know, I think we have to encourage each other's strengths rather than attack each other's weaknesses.

EVO: A little more love, more trust

RUBIN: It sounds corny, but it's true We're not going to do anything if we're plagued by guilt.

EVO: Take Laos — it came and went and nobody did anything. Why? Because everyone was far too entangled in internal shit.

RUBIN: Some days I am optimistic and think that it will end up real quick — with a big action, and some days I am pessimistic and think that the problem is so big that we will never get out of the mess. I don't know. I am going to try real hard.

EVO: We all have to.

RUBIN: We all have to work to free Tim and Rosemary. Also, I think that the youth culture has got to relate to the working class in a sense that we have to free Jimmy Hoffa. My father was a truck driver and we used to have a picture of Jimmy Hoffa home in our living room. I know that Jimmy Hoffa is in jail right now because he is a threat to the government. Not that he is a revolutionary but he is a fighter for the working man. He was denied his parole and that pisses me off.

EVO: How about Bobby and all the people that in the name of the Black Panther Party, in the name of discipline and in the name of the dream went down the drain? I am thinking about the people who are paying the price. How does the Oakland-Algiers break affect people like that?

RUBIN: Fucks them up pretty bad. There is no doubt that the break put Bobby Seale on the limb. It's very bad that the break within the B.P.P. overshadowed Bobby Seale's trial. I think that everyone who considers himself to be a liberal or a radical revolutionary has a stake in that trial. If Bobby Seale is going to get it — this country is going to burn. Campuses are going to blow up. We have got to show them that some shit we won't eat. If Bobby Seale was found guilty, if any Weather People were ever caught, if the United States is going to continue to anhilate Vietnam, then we the people have got to physically stop the government from operating We would have no chioce. So Bobby's trial goes on, there will be more support. We just can't ignore it.

EVO: How do you feel about Eldridge's objection to the "legalistic tactics" that Oakland supposedly relies on?

RUBIN: When Eldridge says that he is obviously fucked up. The Conspiracy Trial used the legal arena torevolutionize millions of people and it was right. A revolutionary movement has to have several strategies — it has got to have an underground, it has to use the legal system, and it has to use the contradiction within the system to destroy the system as we did in the Conspiracy Trial. It's got to work on all fronts simultaneously. You just can't be doing one thing.

Maybe it would have been Eldridge to have stayed in the U.S. and gone underground, as opposed to going into exile. Who knows? I don't think you can direct one line of activity and say only this is the right way. This is a disease. To go into that line of thinking destoys our effectiveness. We have to work on all levals and all fronts. Everything that people do is good provided they do it. I am relating to Ray Brown who is staying underground right now and building a revolutionary Army. You don't hear much talk about Ray these days but we have to start thinking about Raybecause he has become a fugitive from Amerikan injustice stayed in the country and is fighting within the monster with a new identity. that's really *far, far* out!!

Mayday

(Continued from Page 3)

The following are a few of the nonviolent civil disobedience tactics being planned by various regions.

WAVES: The regional groups will be broken into units of 10-25 people. Monday morning the units will move in waves, one unit in each wave, onto the road. They will sit down in a circle and pass the pipe and play music until arrested. The next wave will then move to the road. This will last until noon when the remaining people will return to Algonquin Peace City. The same thing will happen Tuesday. Any people remaining will move on Wednesday to the Capitol and stay until everyone is arrested. This tactic is particularly useful at traffic circles where there are many roads leading into the circle.

STREET PARTY The regional group will move in mass to their circle target playing music and dancing getting as close as they can to the target. They will disperse if gasses or charged with batons but always regroup. They will stay put if threatened with arrest.

TROOP TEACH-IN The region will encircle troops guarding a circle or line up several deep along troop lines protecting bridges. They will establish a one to one relationship to GI'S and demonstrate solidarity. Food and dope will be passed. If a large group of GI's come over to our side the breech will be filled with demonstrators moving through and sitting in on the target road. The Mayday legal facilities will have special sections to serve troops who join us and a special GI counseling center will be located in Algonquin Peace City.

SIT IN: The region will march up a street towards a circle or bridge and when confronted by police or troops will sit down. They will maintain their ground until arrested.

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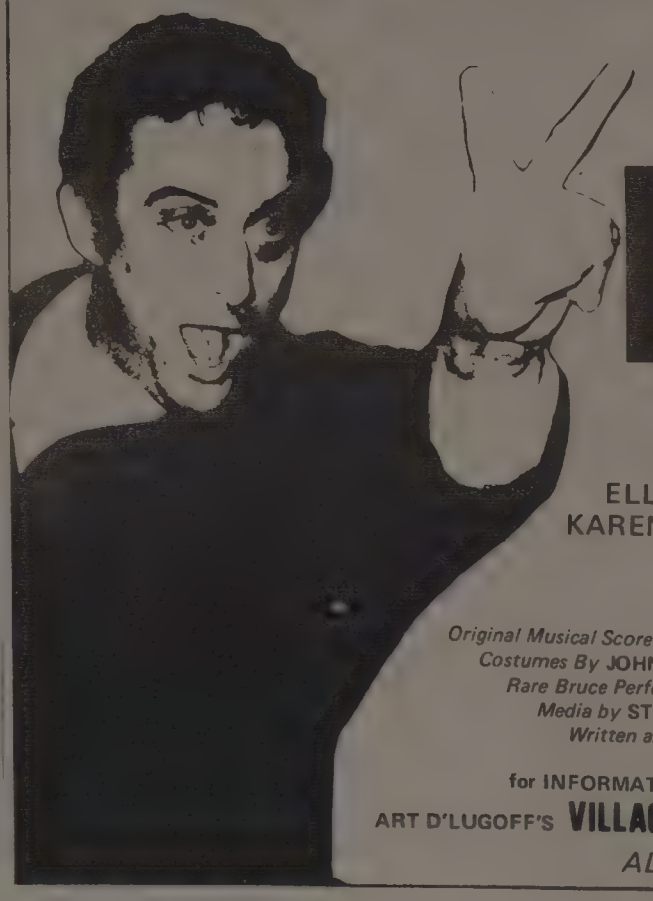

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Sports: RANGERS MAKE THE SEMIS

by R. Meltzer

Stunning upsets eat shit. It was a stunning upset that eliminated the Beantown Bruins of Massachusetts in the first round of the Stanley Cup playoffs. Even with all their trillion goals including 76 by Phil Esposito they couldn't get past Montreal. Montreal got past them. And it was *in Boston*. Hometown advantage didn't mean a thing. They got beat 4-2. Worthless Bruins! The Rangers could've beat them but too bad cause they got knocked off. And that fuckin' criss-cross playoff system devised to keep the playoffs interesting instead of fucked over by the presence of Western-division trash, that's another bummer for them cause now they're stuck playing the Black Hawks. While the Canadiens get to stomp on Minnesota.

But at least those cretins by the name of St. Louis are out of it this year, it sure was about time and it's even better than the guys to do it were the even more cretinous dipshitty Minnesota North Stars. Who only finished in fourth. Fourth being worse than third. Which is worse than second. Which is worse than first. Which is where St. Louis used to finish but not this year because the West got Chicago this time. So St. Louis — home of Karin Berg and the St. Louis Carnals of both football and baseball — finally got the shaft and it was about time. They deserved getting knocked off by shit like Minnesota — the home of cheese and cows — after all those dull Stanley Cup finals they made possible by their presence. Even better than seeing them lose the final in four straight for three straight years is seeing them get knocked off by Minnesota.

Well anyway the Rangers hadda knock off Toronto to get to the second round of the Stanleys — named after Todd STanley of Dubuque — for the first time since 1950. They didn't make it last year. They didn't make it the year before that (even though they finished the regular season in second place). They didn't make it the year before that. They didn't make it the year before that. They didn't make it the year before that. They didn't make it the year before that either for that matter. They didn't make it any of those years, including 1951. Last time they made it was 1950, the year before Larry Brown was born (he was born by Caesarian section by the way).

So they hadda beat Toronto and it sure wasn't easy. They won the first game at Madison Square Garden 5-4 but they were lucky dogs, trailing by 2 goals twice in the pudding. Their luck faded in the second one and they lost it 4-1 in the big fight game. That's the one with all the fights. Supposedly the biggest fight since 1958 and there were OVER FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN FINES levied by the top brass of the league after that one. After they saw the films. They hadda look at the films to be fair about who got fined what and I think the two teams themselves got fined too, the owners were held partially responsible. But as far as film goes why don't they use videotape replays on disputed goals and disputed penalites and disputed penalties-not called? Why don't they? Those fuckers ought to do it, they really oughta so why don't they? Huh, why *don't* they? If you really want them to (and if you don't you're a dumbbell) address your grievances to Clarence Cambell, c/o Molson Breweries, Montreal, P.Q., Canada If you don' t write Canada on it the postman will never know what to make of the P.Q. so be sure to include it.

Anyway the game after that one the Rangers lost too but they had an excuse. The excuse was it was played on Toronto ice bad ice. Maybe the worst ice in the world, more than one whole inch thick when NHL ice is usually less than a quarter of an inch. Fat ice means slow skating it also means cold ice and bouncy pucks that don't slide. It's got something to do with chemistry and physics and freezing points and regelation and water. But it's got hte most to do with *ice*. Away ice instead of home ice and the Rangers hadn't won the Stanleys since 1958. So they were entitled to a loss. That's if they were punks. And up to that game that's what they were, the biggest punks in North America for the last twenty years. But they won the next one, they had to or they would've been behind three games to one in the seriesso they went out and checked and won. They won it 4-2 but it was almost a shutout. Giacomin was in goal for the game. The dumbest thing in the world was the night before Emile Francis had Villemure in net. He said he wanted to shake things up but he was just plain stupid. Even a person who's deaf and dumb and blind and dead knows that Giacomin is more dependable when the chips are down. And the only reason he got Villemure this year was so Giacomin could rest himself up for the Stanley Cup since in previous years he used to get real tired just playing every game. But there sure ain't anything wrong with him playing every game of the Stanley Cup is there?

Well so they won and it was two games to two and then they came back to New York and they won the first game of that stand cause they were okay. Then they went and won the next one and they were okay then too. Even more okay was how they won it: in overtime, something they hadn't done since 1931. Bob Nevin scored it off Jacques Plante, at least it wasn't off Bruce Gamble (WORST GOALIE IN THE NHL) because he got traded. Nevin, a realie of a powderpuff as far as offense goes, also scored another one before that (since it couldn't have been *after* that since it was sudden death) to give the Rangers both their goals in a stellar 2-1 shellacking. Good riddance to the Maple Leafs, the only thing they had going for them was Ellis and Henderson and Keon and Ley and Armstrong et al. Not good enough though you bums!

Well so it was on to Chicago for the first game of the second round under the new criss-cross system previously alluded to in this sportspiece. Well Cliff Korroll was just standing there in front of also a triple chin). That's where he was standing just minding his own business when Pat Stapleton whizzed a beauty in towards a goal but it wouldn't have gone in cause it was wide. Well miracle of miracles — Cliff happened to bestanding right where it mattered because it deflected off his stick. Yes and *he* didn't even have to deflect it. He just stood there stick in hand on ice and the puck came whizzing by, no it wasn't by. It was right on his stick and he didn't even have to move his stick even one degree (angles not temperature) because it was the correct angle for deflection right into the net which Giacomin at that moment happened to be paying no attention to. Well he was screened so that could be his excuse. Yet he's though so excuses mean nothing to him and he's not making any. And Cliff didn't even seem to notice that he was about to score, it was just an accident and he didn't even dance around for glee because he felt guilty about getting credit for it. Yet he accepted it as it put his team out in front 1-0.

A lead which stood up until the end of the second period, during which Giacomin continued to be the most valuable person on ice. But there's no ice between periods, only dressing room. So the announcer fellers have to talk shop with guys out of uniform in order to earn their daily bread. So Bill Mazer talked his ass off at Jack Egers out of uniform because he was the one man too many to play. Only thin g that could get him on the ice would be death or injury or retirement. Only the injury would be likely but he better not do it himself or they might suspect something fishy. Like if he hit Pete Stemkowski with one of his golf clubs they might think it was intentional. So he's probably stuck with prayer for on-ice injuries in orderto make it back out there this season. Golf is what he plays during the summer That's what he told Bill Mazer and he also told him that he couldn't play with Omaha which was his minor league team when the Rangers weren't using him. Poor fuckin rookie! But at least he got a great gift courtesy of Stud oil treatment with ZDP, just a few more years away from challenging the supremacy of STP. IF I had a car I'd try both, consumer shopping always pays off. But it's different when you get a gift, anything in the formof a gift is okay, including Stud.

So it was O'Shea, Nesterenko and Pappin for Chicago against NEvin, Tkaczuk and Balon as the third period began. Chicago Black Hawks one, New York Rangers nothing. They were nothing in the score department but were Giacomin (who now wears a mask, leaving only Gump Worsley of Minnesota without one cause he's too old to change horses in midstream and also cause he's got enough fat to protect his face and they actually nothing in the everything department? Um, well. uh, it was pretty close to that after all they're all dumb dudes with sideburns now so they deserve all the abuse they can get. Includingtheir power play work. Magnuson got penalized and they couldn't do one goddamn thing. They even put four forwards out and there was even a faceoff in a dangerous position for Chicago goalie Tony Esposito and it didn't make one iota of difference. Not a single lousy scoring opportunity for the entire two minutes! Not a goddamn thing and they even blew it further with a penalty to Park late in the two minutes whatta buncha bums!

Then Rod Gilbert poked it in behind the skates of Esposito so the Rangers were okay again. And it was tied 1-1 with three minutes to go of regulation time. So the Rangers really hadda pour it on because their chances of winning two overtimes in a week had to be remote. They went out forechecking but they backchecked too, they were pretty mobile and they were playing for the tie but Stemkowski got a breakaway with 1:22 to go. But he missed. No he didn't miss, he was right on, Esposito made the big save was all. Brad Parlones in close. They weren't that easy but he shoulda made them. And then Jim Pappin had a super-chance at the last second but Giacomin kicked it away: OVERTIME! And then they cleared up the Ranger goal, they decided to award it to Ratelle instead but it was still: OVERTIME!

Hard to believe but at 1:37 of the overtime it was Stemkowski from MacGregor and Dale Rolfe (sounds like a girl but it's a boy) to give the Rangers the win. I repeat: they won. Final score 2-1 and it was their *second straightt overtime win* (okay rewrite the record books on the Rangers). Jesus Christ. They won the fuckin' game. One up in the best of seven series and all that hokum. If they had lost they would have been doody bowel shit. But they actually won. Too much. Jesus Motherfucker. Won the fuckin game and it's the best they ever done since they were in first place Xmas week of 1966 or 1967 or whenever it was for the first time in decades. Not bad for a worthless team of courageous dogs. Also: Stemkowsky beat Mikita on almost every faceoff! Tough noogs.

GROSS

(Continued from Page 8)

companies who constantly use art
work and underpay artists.
b) resale, contract and percentages of
auction prices for all art.
c) the offering by museums of their
collections as collateral on loans to
help living artists.
d) protection of artists from unfair
contracts.
10. Open exhibitions and workshops.

THIS PROGRAM IS ONLY MINIMAL — FAR MORE CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE IF WE ALL ACT NOW.

Global Village

(Continued from Page 9)

will suddenly change the proscenium laws that up to now have controlled the airwaves.

Joan: There's a large audience that has been turned off to over-the-air broadcasting which has almost totally lost the audience between 18 and 33. But you (video workshop) are here playing around with video tape. What does this medium give you that broadcasting doesn't? *Access.* It's there, it's easy to work, all the equipment is compatible with cable technology.

Rudi: Take a hypothetical station. But what process do you see getting turned on to the possibilities of cable that you've mentioned?

Joan: Cable is a piece of wire that can carry X different channels of information. X could be 12 or it could be infinity, one way or multi-directional. New York has at the moment 24 one-way channels. It takes a tremendous number of different people and different ideas to fill that programming capacity.

Rudi: But even now, the tremendous number of stations in the country has not acted as a stimulus to innovative and imaginative programming; availability doesn't necessarily mean innovation.

Joan: Why would you buy equipment that supplies you with extra channels that you don't want? People will lay out the bread, directly, for they programming they want and can't get from broadcasting.

Rudi: Bread is no guarantee of quality.

Joan: As long as you don't have a choice about programming you are going to get as much garbage as they think they can unload on you. Granted. But they have made legal commitments for community access to their channels and to responsiveness to community needs. We can have channels with none of the usual "must nots" of the broadcasting media. We will eventually have a wide enough forum for the individual to develop his own tastes and judgements, particularly if he can feed his individual requests directly back to the programming supplier. Quality will really be decided in the market place.

FASCIST FOLLIES

(Continued from Page 4)

strategic spots. Roberts dutifully went to that location and returned to Panther headquarters, giving a gratuitous report and diagram to defendant Michael Tabor. Roberts conceded that Tabor showed a marked lack of interest in both the report and the diagram, and that he, Roberts, never heard the subway system mentioned again. Roberts said that he never was instructed to return to that site nor was he instructed to do any damage to it. He also said that he knew of no one else having been instructed to do damage to any part of the subway system.

Det. Roberts admitted that *one* tour of the Worth Street Station was the *end* of the so-calle subway mission.

Sandy cited this paucity of evidence as being demonstrative of the paucity of evidence with regards to every other charge in this indictment.

Sandy then moved on to the so-called railroad plot. Roberts had testified that he had made one or two visits to railroad yards and that defendant Kinshasa had displayed a map with six railroad sites circled on it.

That map, Roberts said, was a Shell gas station map which he saw for "maybe a minute" as it was being help up, at a meeting, by Kinshasa. The detective could not recall anything having been discussed in relation to that map and conceded that he was not certain if those circles indicated railroad sites as he could not see if there were tracks on the map, he said he just believed they were railroad sites. When asked under cross examination, why he believed those circles to be around railroad sites, Det. Roberts had said, "I know there is a railroad line that runs through the area I think." He later said that he might be wrong about that.

Roberts also conceded that neither he, nor anyone else, had ever been assigned to blow up any sites along the New Haven Railroad, nor did he or anyone else ever agree to do so and that no time was ever set upon for the placing of explosives at any of those or any other railroad sites.

That was, Sandy said, the sum and substance of the plot to blow up sites along the New Haven railroad.

The prosecution alleges that the Easter plot was to begin with the explosion of a bomb at the 42nd precinct. Gene Roberts who was the only agent to mention the 42nd precinct, said that he visited that precinct only once for "probably a minute or two, but I'm not sure." Neither he nor anyone else was assigned to place a bomb in that precinct, he conceded, and admitted that he heard no one agree to do such an act.

And that was the sum and substance of the conspiracy to murder police officers by placing a bomb at the 42nd precinct. Sandy then moved up to what he termed the "Flower Pot Plot," or the conspiracy to blow up the Bronx Botanical Gardens.

At a meeting of the security section on March 13, 1969, Roberts said that Shaba Om suggested that they test out a molotov cocktail on the flowers in the Bronx Botanical Gardens. On March 17 Roberts, along with defendants Om and Kinshasa and co-defendants Lonnie Epps and Jamal Baltimore, went to the Bontanitcal Gardens to climb a fence and forge a river. Roberts admitted that he never saw a member of the BPP with a molotov cocktail and that he never went back to the Botanical Gardens. He conceded that the plot to blast the flowers was later abandoned, but he could not recall the date. on Page 21)

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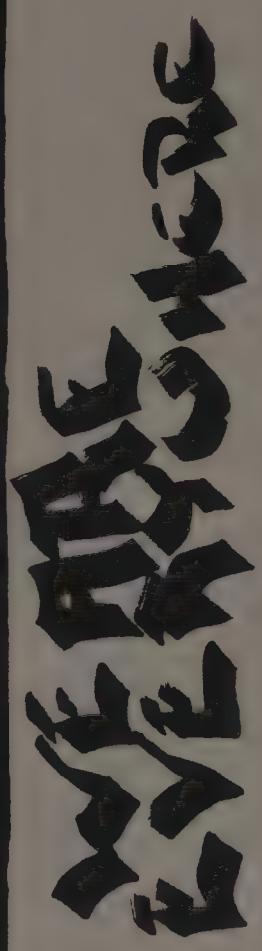
Continued from Page 17)



The jails are breeding grounds for despair, action, hopelessness, criminals. A criminal is a potential revolutionary. Since revolution is illegal, a revolutionary is a criminal.

We must see all crimes as political. A country as rich as ours should not have one jail.

Every criminal is a political prisoner, a victim. Amerika, you created Charlie Manson in your prisons. Can a country which murdered Indians, enslaved blacks, controls the world's resources, bombs Vietnam judge us? NO!

Can any white court judge the action of any black woman or man? We hide our guilt by saying blacks are violent when history shows black people to have been inexplicably patient and suffering and whites to have been the most violent race on earth.

As the cities fall under siege, the campuses blow up, guerrilla war rages throughout the world, the county prisons and penitentiaries of Amerika will explode one after the other.

The New York City jail riots only hinted at the anger of the sleeping dragons in Amerika's jails.

For any rebellion within a jail to win, people on the outside must take an active part. Revolts within a jail must be matched by demonstrations outside.

Prisoners live in a completely totalitarian state where the individual isn't worth shit. Only people on the outside can get the media to focus in on jail conditions. If people on the outside don't help, prisoners can be completely isolated and destroyed.

Criminals, convicts and fugitives will lead the revolutionary armed struggle. The line between "crime" and "revolution" will wither away. Criminals will become revolutionaries, and revolutionaries will become criminals.

Cook County Jail is an example of colonial rule: a largely black jail is run by black guards for the ruling whites. The warden and deputy warden are black. A black guard locks us up and says, "I'd rather be locking people up than be locked up." Amerika will try to solve its black problem by turning as many blacks as possible into prison guards.

Amerika will try to solve its "hippie problem" by turning as many hippies as possible into marshals at peace demonstrations, and after that, prison guards.

Most of the guards at Cook County Jail are like brothers off the block. If they didn't have jobs as guards, they might end up as inmates. Something happens to a person when he or she puts on a uniform.

He becomes his uniform.

He forgets the color of his skin, the history and soul of his people, and digs the authority.

What historical madness is at work when black GI's fight to kill Viet Cong? When black guards police black jails?

Millions of freaks the world over mourned and cried the day the assassin missed offing the Pope! What a pure yippie act of creative disruption! Weren't *you* sorry he missed?

Fascist F.

(Continued from Page 20)

Sandy then moved on to the department store plot. Roberts had been assigned, by Kinshasa, to go to department stores with defendants Walter Johnson, a/k/a Baba Obdinga, and to report back to the security section on what they saw. On February 25, 1969 the two went to Macy's a Korvette's and Abercrombie and Fitch, but, although there was a meeting of the security section on that same night, they gave no reports on this obviously vital information until March 11 1969, nor were they asekd to do so.

On a later date Roberts and Johnson visited Bloomingdales and Alexanders. They made no notes or sketches while visiting any of the five stores. While in Macy's, Det. Roberts admitted that he looked at leather coats and toys for his child, while Walter Johnson looked at cameras. In Korvette's, Roberts said he looked at and tried on gloves.

Roberts said that he and Johnson never went back to any of those stores, nor did he know of anyone else going to them. He conceded that no one had ever been assigned, or had agreed to place an explosive in any department store.

Sandy said that looking at what *did not* occur would destroy belief in an Easter plot. These defendants were arrested on April 2, 1969, with the Easter plot allegedly to start on April 3. Det. Roberts was with the "heavies" of this plot constantly in the weeks leading up to the Easter season. But as late as April 1, 1969, when he drove to Baltimore and back with Kinshasa, Dharuba and Michael Tabor, Roberts heard no discussion of bombs to be placed anywhere.

Sandy then asked *where* the conspiracy was in this case, saying that it is not illegal to discuss or practise dry firing. Asking who got hurt in this case, Sandy pointed out that, after all the discussion of police officers being "offed" or "Kidnapped," there had been no evidence of that happening — while there *had* been evidence of police brutalizing the Panthers. In fact, the jury had even seen pictures of Joan Bird's injuries — given to her by police.

Sandy added that the conspiracy was in the mind of the Bureau of Special Services, who is in the business of finding and creating conspiracies.

Sandy moved on to the January plot by looking at the testimony of both Det. Roberts and Patrolman Ashwood, also pointing out the differences in their respective stories. There were times when Roberts quoted statements he, himself, had made at section meetings. Ashwood, while at the same meetings, never failed to attribute those same statements to defendants here on trial. Roberts said that he had met Ashwood at the police academy. Ashwood said that he did not know that Roberts was a police agent until after the arrests.

Ashwood told the court that Afeni Shakur had said that her section would blow up a precinct. Interestingly, this did not appear in any of Det. Roberts' reports, nor did he testify to it.

Ashwood also testified that Afeni Shakur told her section to recon Blumstein's department store, looking for flammable items. None fo that appeared in Ashwood's reports or in his Grand Jury testimony. Similarly, it did not appear in Gene Roberts reports and he made no mention of it when he testified.

Ashwood also said that Gene Roberts had urged that action be taken against a police officer who haslapped a Panther woman, to which Afeni Shakur allegedly replied that that was being handled at staff level. Gene Roberts did not mention that incident either in his reports or on the stand.

The last section meeting before the January plot was held on Jan 13, 1969, four days before the alleged plot. At that section meeting, two points of the BPP ten point program were discussed.

Sandy said that in reference to his client, Shaba Om, no evidence had been given proving Om to be a member of a conspiracy to commit murder or arson. Om had not been placed at the scene of any crime nor had he been shown to be directly or indirectly involved in any of the crimes charged.

In reference to defendant Joan Bird, Sandy said that no evidence had been given to make Joan Bird a member of a conspiracy prior to or subsequent to Jan. 17, 1969. Only twice was Joan mentioned other than in resepct to that night: once, for being present at a section meeting; and once for being present at a demolition class with a college friend who was not a member of the BPP.

On the night of Jan. 17, 1969, Joan Bird was behind the wheel of a car on the Harlem River Drive — the scene of an alleged shoot-out between two patrolmen and two Panthers. By the testimony of the two patrolmen, Joan ha no gun and the extent of her participation was that she threw herself to the floor of the car when the shooting started. She is charged with attempted murder.

Det. Watson, who said that he got a confession from Joan, also said that he arrived at the precinct where Joan was shortly after midnight. Mrs. Bird who arrived at the precinct at 4AM said that she did not see Det. Watson until 7 A.M. D.A. Phillips asked Mrs. Bird about Joan's marks in school, but not about the time at which she first saw Watson.

Sandy illustrated the discrpenacies in the testimony of Det. Watson who said that Joan Bird was sobbing and frightened, but also said that she was arrogant. Watson said that Joan called him by his nickname, Scotty, and also called him pig; that she arrogantly declared she knew her rights better than he did and then asked him if she could go back to nursing school.

Det. Watson said that he, and only he, questioned Joan Bird and that the interrogation ceased at 3 AM. Why, if that were true, Sandy asked, was Joan kept at the precinct until 2PM the following day. Also, at 8 AM, a team of officers left the precinct because of information they had received from Joan Bird. If Watson had finished questionig Joan at 3AM, why did the police wait five hours before acting on the information they received, Sandy asked.

Joan Bird was 19 years old at that time, with no prior arrests. Until 4AM when her mother arrived at the precinct, Joan Bird had been in the hands of Patrolman McKenzie, who, after Mrs. Bird's arrival, took Joan into a small room. Mrs. Bird said that she could hear Joan scream. What, Sandy speculated, did McKenzie do to Joan Bird before her mother's arrival?

Sandy then said that even if the jury did not believe that Joan had been beaten, there was ample proof that Joan had been crying, frightened, injured and had not had prior experience with criminal law. If there was a confession then, it was not voluntary, but a product of physical and mental coercion, and such an admission must be disregarded, as people who are being beaten or coerced will say almost anything to be left alone.

Sandy then said that what Joan was doing in that car on the Harlem River Drive is a question that must be answered by the District Attorney. No evidence has been presented proving that Joan Bird had any knowledge of what was to happen. All Joan did was to drive a car. She may have had a generalized knowledge, but that is nt attempted murder. Sandy added that other than Joan Bird's fortuitous appearance in a car on the night of Jan. 17, 1969, she would not be in this courtroom. Sandy concluded his summation by saying that these defendants have been in jail for two years on charges so flimsy that the jury need not deliberate too long to free them and then to go out and proclaim what a hoax has been perpetrated on these people.

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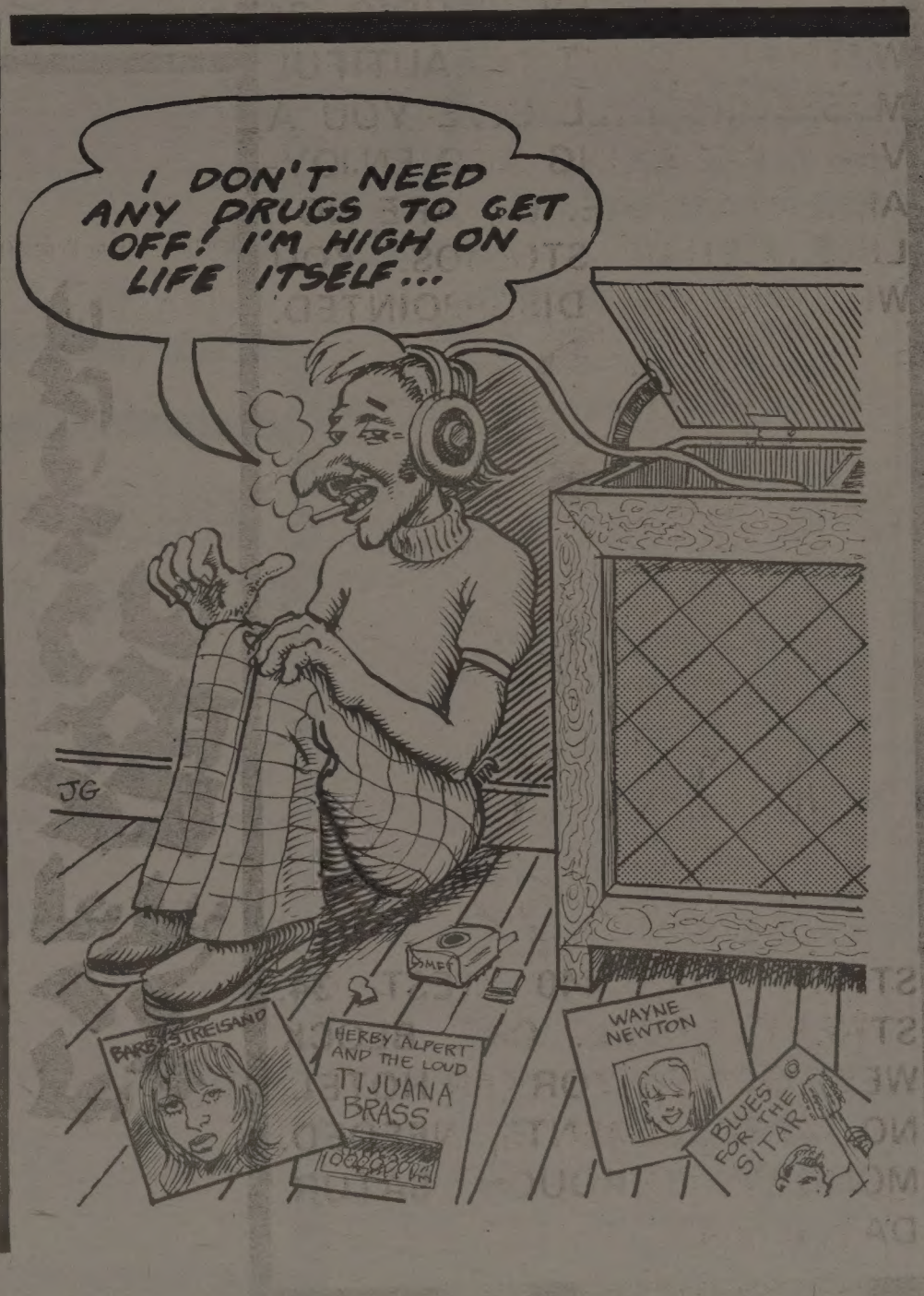
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EAT IT RAW

(Continued from Page 16)

whether their contents are less nutritious or even potentially dangerous with extended use. And they almost succeeded in fooling an entire nation into thinking that de-germed, bleached, processed and sugar-coated cereals are actually superior to the whole grains that have sustained millions for so many past generations.

Number two is the Food and Drug Administration, an agency that regards the poisonous stabilizers emulsifyers, artificial flavorings and preservatives added to the foods and drugs we consume as "safe" *until* proven otherwise — literally and figuratively at the consumer's expense. The ban on cyclamates was a recent case in point. Saccharin and MSG, I hope, will eventually follow. As should nitrites, a preservative and curing agent used in smoked fish, cured ham, corned beef, frankfurters, luncheon meats, etc., which, when combined with some amines normally found in the stomach form a cancer-causing chemical known as nitrosamine. Seems like the FDA and law enforcement agencies use reverse logic Perhaps they should reverse their rolls altogether.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture holds position number three, another federal agency that protects the profit-makers rather than the public Despite the recent uproar (20 years too late) about DDT, chemical herbicides, fungicides and insecticides are still BIG business as they literally destroy the value of our soil and consequently the nutritional value of our crops.

That, in a nutshell, is what we're up against. And why columns like this even exist. But the cause is far from lost. Every time you avoid the "mix" to start from scratch instead, every time you buyt natural food rather than some chemical concoction, every time you patronize a so-called "health food" (I hate the term but more about that another time) rather than a "phoney-food" store and every time you reject the sprayed stuff to grow your own, you are voicing your protest against the powers that be and playing a part in upsetting a system that calls the contents of the bottles, cans and boxes on our supermarket shelves "food." This, of course, is not a conscious effort on the part of most "natural food nuts," but their actions are registering anyway, while they are qcquiring and spreading useful and positive eating habits at the very same time.

Political as the natural foods movement may be, the main concern of those actively participating is simply day-to-day survival — learning how to be as self-sufficient, economical, ecologically aware and healthy as is practically possible in a society bent in the exact opposite direction. And so I think it's wise, during the next few weeks, for me to get down to brass tacks and concentrate on the specifics of growing, buying, preparing and grooving on natural foods. I hope you'll be (pardon the expression) grooving along with me.

ART POLITICS

(Continued from Page 9)

Connecticut, Larry Aldrich mentions some of those "Heroines" of the arts as an example of female abilities in creative work. The show is restricted to women who have had no-women show before. It is also restricted by situation and place, because only a selected group of people can see it, for Ridgefield is about 2 3/4 hours car-ride from New York.

Up to this day no New York Museum has planned (as far as I am informed) a comprehensive women show selected by a woman curator. But after the polit-exhibition, which Lucy R. Lippard (art critic and writer) had put her heart in, I am convinced that women will get a fair share on the scene in the near future.

The show in the small Aldrich Museum has a lot to say about "what the female spirit and the female visual concept is at. "It's a show which I ligve to give the title: "PURITY AND FANTASY."

The color, the look of the whole environmental space of the exhibition is light, bright, sunny, warm. The tiny Museum's many rooms, corners, booths, staircases must have been a tough problem for HANGING & INSTALLING by wizzard Lippard. But she solved it with taste. As a vehicle to draw the many objects, some rather big, together, Miss Lippard used the conceptual work of Alice Aycock, a young artist (born 1946) who had assembleda series of maps of network systems which are placed on the walls throughout the rooms and over the staircase leading the visitors to the artists "big object:" a floorpiece of red clay (cracked) "in a pattern resembling a desert — landscape." 1500 lbs. of clay and flour mixed with water and poured into 6x6x10 plywood container in which, over a period of a month, the clay dried, hardened and cracked."

There are two more "containers" of organic material in the show. A "SWAMP" by AUDREY HEMENWAY, filled with bogplants, earth, water, surrounded in transparent fiberglas. a third "container" on the groundfloor represents a miniature garden. Another container of sorts is the environmental corrugated paper spiral filling one room completely. (Artist MARY MISS, born 1944.) I liked very much also the works by Paula Tavins, (born 1939) who uses latex to make arrangements of module-series, which have extremely wtrong erotic sensual quality. Her latest "soft" wall — piece seems to me her best work, because she found her personal vision and went further from the Eva Hesse inventive style in latex-sculptural-experimentation. GLORIANNA DAVENPORT (born 1944) has a strong sense of personal order and a purity in her arrangement of rolled up material, layered, organized, "planned" througout, selected, displayed. It is materials becoming ONE THING. The artist says: "My primary interest is in the sensate awareness of order. CECILE ABISH shows constructions made from Vinyl, galavanized Wirecloth, urethane Foams. Her work is plyable, changeable, portable, disconnectable. She calls the workd "Fields." Heroutside piece, freemoving fringe made from brown paper is a fantasy garden-structure moved by air & wind. Barbara ZUCKER shows floating wall formations from rubber latex in the van Buren manner. Jacqueline WINSOW uses stripping and nails to build an enclosure (container) Laurace JAMES filled a whole room with barrels & ropes using tension in space. Title: "Homage to Krazy Kat." Would it be Mark de Suvero? Shirley PETTIBONE works with pale colors and stuffed muslin and achieves a light sensual structure. I noticed that I was more than usually so tempted to touch the exhibited works, how they would feel to my fingertips.

In her introduction-essay Lucy Lippard says: "I chose what I chose because of my personal taste accumulated over six years of writing about art."

At the opening of the String-Work by Brenda Miller attached to ceilings and floors of the staircase got the attention of the "fire-department," and Brenda had to cut her string — design, finally even remove a sculptural piece from the floor of the staircase — and as her artist friends remarked "got censored" by the officials of the fire-department. The "hangings" are made from plain natural hemp-string, as one uses it for ordinary packages. I rescued one lonely string lying in a corner, isolated from its companion-strings and I wonder if it should be framed and signed by the artist as a found object and an historical piece of Art in the year 1971 when Art has to be dismantled, removed, changed, cut down by laws, by censorship, or by just red tape, in an unhealthy unhuman life situation.

Hans Haacke's show in the Guggenheim Museum planned for opening April 30 is cancelled. Haacke's sociological political research works on "Slumlords — Real Estate property and his "informal Quizz — object were objected by the officials of the Guggenheim Museum as too political. Haacke refused to change his works. Ergo: No Haacke Show.

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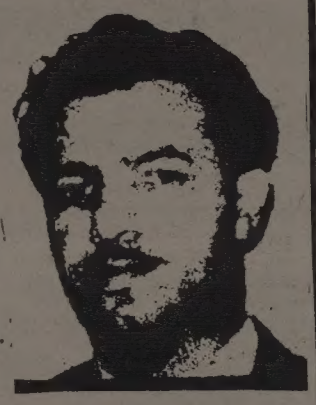

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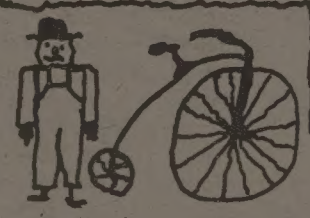
Hey Man! Dig this? I'm 29, masculine, swing both ways. If you're masculine, teens to 35, will have Gay Sex with me, I'll endeavor to arrange a date for you afterward, with one of many swinging chicks, I know (all ages, races). No B/D, S/M. For date with me alone at my Newark, New Jersey pad, phone (201) 624-7557, before 8 p.m., or write Box 1443, Newark, NJ 07101. Out of sight!

Are you a girl between 18-30 looking to tour this country on a fast motorcycle this summer? I'm straight. Please no pigs. Ocupant, PO Box A.B., Paramus, NJ 07652

PEOPLES AD
Wo Ping Kuen, 424 Broome St. Karate Kollective (betw. Lafayette & Crosby) Training in Self Defense in a collectively run dojo (school). The system taugh is a Chinese form of Martial Art Mixed (women & men) classes, gay classes, womens classes taught by ranking women & men instructors. Dojo is run on a no belt, non commercial, non profit basis. Classes Mon.-Fri. at 6:30 & 8:30. Beginners can join Mons. after 6:00. Ron Rosen 966-6546.

Wheel And Deal



Have complete issues of EVO from the beginning. Anyone interested in buying write Harvey Glenn, c/o EVO, 20 E. 12th St.

NEW MAGAZINE
The Moloch Eaters needs writers. They need not be professionals. Details. C.M. Turner, Star Rte., Box 424, Rockport, Tex., 78382. No orders.

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Scientific Dating Service Inc. 147 W. 42nd. St. New York City, Room 1018. Guaranteed Dates -AM-TA8-7897: 12 PM to 8 PM OX5-0158 and Sunday.
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Call Larry between 3 pm-8pm
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HANDSOME WHITE MALE, 25, desires long-term relationship with white male under 35. Robert MacMillan, Box 3755, Grand Central Station New York, N.Y. 10017

YOUNG ATTRACTIVE CHICK WANTED FOR LAS VEGAS MAY 16-19. FLY WITH THREE GUYS ON A GROUP GROOVE. NO BREAD REQUIRED. 889-6648. CALL 9-5.

Planning a party or orgy? Rent a girl from us for your next promotion or deal. Theater facilities with live sex shows, massage parlor, or your thing also available. Rent a Girl Inc., 20 w 48th, Penthouse, 765-7494 or 765-7567

Beautiful Mexican Girls needing American boy-friends. "Money-back plan." Details: 25 cents. World, Box 3876, (M-17), San Diego, Ca. 92103.

"GREAT RAY" is alive and eating quite well. Still at it seeking passionate attractive girls for swinging weekend dates in Phila. or NYC. Am 37, 6'3", 195 lbs. Built, white single sex writer. Let's do our thing. Great Ray, P.O. Box 122, Chester, Pa. 19016. I'm serious!

Karen, Barry, Danny W, Marty L, Tom, Jeep, Stephanie, Ralph, Joey, Keith, David, Sandy, & Freddie. Haven't seen you since Fri. Fe. 4., 1966. Please write. Bill Gibson, YARI ACIK CEZA EVI, Ankara, Turkey.

LET IT BE KNOWN THAT FORM HERE ON IN THERE WILL BE NO SEPARATE RATES FOR BUSINESS AND PERSONAL ADS. FROM NOW ON THE RATES FOR BOTH SORTS OF ADS WILL BE $5.00 FOR THE FIRST 25 WORDS AND 20¢ EACH ADDITIONAL WORD. THERE IS NO BILLING ON CLASSIFIEDS. YOUR AD MUST INCLUDE CASH OR CHECK.
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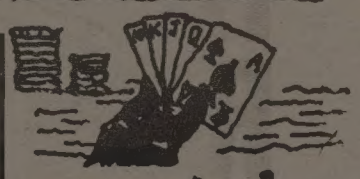

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Females under 160 lbs. with unusual strength to power wrestle and or weight lifting sessions. EARN $100.00 PER HOUR. If interested write PO Box 19, Soundview Station, Bronx, NY 10472.

Two white slim, good looking masculine men wants to meet active males Black/White well endowed. Call 889-8108 after 7 p.m.

Quiet man, very shy and sensitive would like to meet a sensual girl who adores pleasure. Call James 929-3027.

Impersonal

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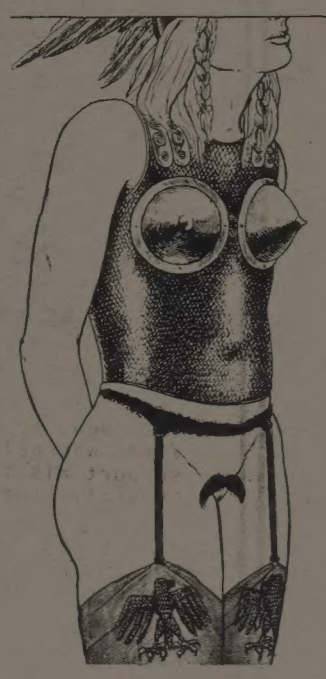

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